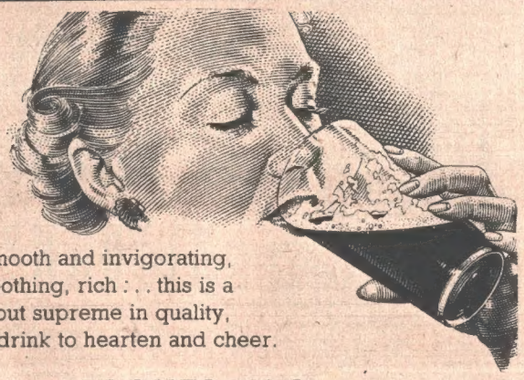
Week ending April 17 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

WHAT NEXT IN DIVORCE REFORM?

by a Barrister-at-Law

PAGE 6



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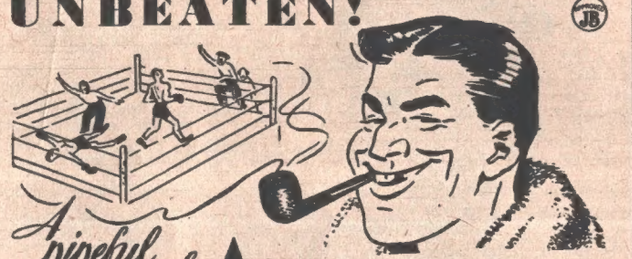

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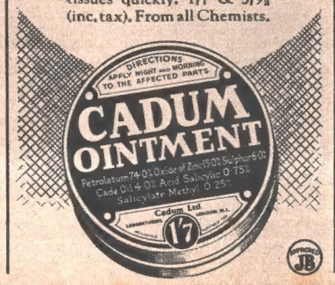

AT THE FRIENDLY INN

Specially drawn for
The Brewers' Society by Henry Rushbury R.A.

JOHN BULL

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APRIL 17, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2181

Don't Stint the Schools

THE SCHOOLS ARE GOING BACK after the Easter holiday to carry on, under many postwar handicaps, with their essential job of training tomorrow's citizens.

It must be confessed that education isn't doing too well in the economic crisis. It used to be the Cinderella of the public services; it could easily become one again, in spite of the good intentions of the Government and all the political parties.

Look at the shortages now afflicting our schools—shortages of buildings, of teachers and training colleges, of books, of paper, of canteens and other equipment.

You cannot blame the teachers for the bitter complaints made at their recent conference. Anyone whose vocation is teaching must feel that he is working against fearful odds.

Classes are much too large to allow for each child the individual attention it needs and to give the duller ones a fair chance of keeping within sight of the brighter ones. The main reason for that is the shortage of teachers, which persists despite the success of the postwar emergency training scheme.

There aren't nearly enough training colleges for new teachers, any more than there are enough school buildings—especially up-to-date ones.

At understaffed, overcrowded schools, the teachers grumble about having to do extra work, such as helping with meals. They are justified in grumbling; but the school meals scheme must go on, and should be widened as soon as possible to include those hundreds of schools which are still without the necessary facilities.

Crisis or no crisis, we cannot afford to stint education. Competition in the world today is too strenuous for a badly-educated nation to hold its own.

Therefore the Government should constantly review its buildings, manpower and other priorities to see whether a bit more can be squeezed out for the schools.

We Owe It to the Miners

THE MINERS ARE STILL our mainstay. Although no spectacular output records are being set up, the pace is good, and we know that our coal exports will go on.

For that we have to thank the men's renewal of their overtime agreement for another year from the end of this month. Overtime, worked either on Saturdays or in extra half hours daily, is worth at least an extra eight or nine million tons of coal a year to the nation.

What this means to our prosperity and progress can be shown by just one example—that of housing.

Because we can now spare coal to send to the Scandinavian countries, we are to get more timber from them in exchange. Shortage of timber has for years caused the worst bottleneck in the housing programme. So when you see three new homes being built instead of two—thank the miners.

One way both to show our gratitude and help stimulate the flow of new recruits to the pits would be to grant the mineworkers' request for £1 a week extra compensation for injuries.

The accident rate in the coal industry is still terribly high. Nearly every miner gets hurt sooner or later.

Under the new Industrial Injuries Act, some of this burden of compensation is taken off the industry. And the men claim that the Coal Board should use the money thus saved to provide extra compensation. This question is now being discussed between the miners, the Coal Board and the Government.

The miners have a strong case. It deserves public support.

Turning Point in Italy

ITALY'S VITAL ELECTIONS take place this weekend.

Why is Italy so important? Not merely because her population is as great as our own and increasing fast, but because she commands the Mediterranean and all its shores. The strategical view cannot be ignored. Behind all international politics today lies the threat of armed force. Italy is a pawn in this deadly game.

But, unlike most pawns, she has on Sunday one last chance of deciding her own destiny—and perhaps ours as well.

If the Communists win it will be the heaviest blow Western civilization has received since the fall of France in 1940.

If the democratic parties win, it may mean the turn of the totalitarian tide; the beginning of a great repulse of the police state idea of government which has stamped out liberty all over eastern Europe.

At the least a defeat for Italian Communism will give Marshall Aid its chance to work benevolent wonders in the cause of Europe's recovery. And once prosperity begins to creep back to our shattered continent, Communism—and all its attendant evils—is bound to recede.

Stop the Rent Ramp

THE CONTINUED RISE in the rents of houses, flats and business premises is beginning to worry the big landlords and estate agents so much that they are privately urging the Government to stop it—quickly.

Strange action, this. Or is it so strange?

Not long ago, admittedly, these same people were crying out loudly for the lifting of *all* rent controls and for the Government to keep out of the way.

But that was before they saw how madly rents were running away with all reason and before they appreciated what trouble they were storing up for themselves, as well as for their new tenants.

These astute business people have realized that some day the evening-out of demand by the building of more new houses would bring a terrible reckoning if things were allowed to go on like this.

Tenants tied down now to fancy rents for long years would probably not be able to pay; moonlight flits and bankruptcies would follow and, willy-nilly, landlords would have to make forced rent concessions in the worst possible circumstances.

In the absence of Government action to adapt the present rent controls to modern needs and extend them to all lettings, the landlords are acting themselves—by refusing to tie tenants down to long leases at over-inflated rents.

This is a good enough hint for us all. Refuse to pay excessive rents—that must be the general policy, if possible. But it isn't always possible. Some have no option but to sign on the dotted line to get a roof over their heads, which shows, as JOHN BULL has been hammering home for so long, that the only real remedy is Government action.

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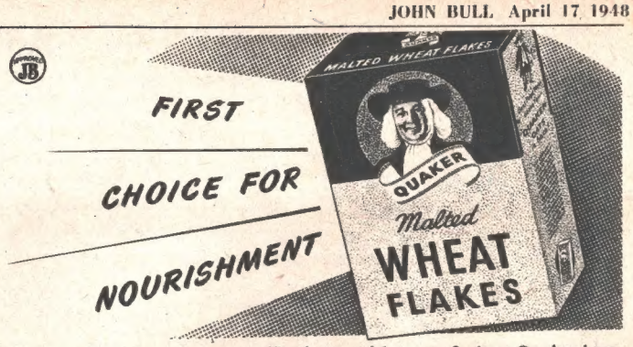

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A BREAK FOR THE MAN ON THE BEAT

by CLAUD MORRIS

A Home Office inquiry is being held into police force conditions. Reforms can't come too soon. The average constable not only has long hours of duty and poor prospects, but, too often, he—and his wife—are chivvied by red tape and autocratic superiors

A recruit is fitted out, but it's high time all those helmets, all that kit had claimants

NEXT DOOR TO ME lives a policeman's wife. She is fed up. The bitterness, the resentment, spill over in her voice. I told her yesterday that the police force in London is five thousand under strength. She said, "What do you expect?"

In the R.A.F. a few years back she fell in love with a nice comfortable fellow with a shoulder just her size. He was then a flying instructor with a D.F.C. Like many young men who came into the Services, he had won rapid promotion. He had brains, ability and ambition.

One year after marriage he was back on his old job—the police. (Last year was a year in which 1,953 young men joined the Police Force; and after a few months' service 866 slammed the station door and walked back into civvies.)

Her husband is a good friend of mine. He's as ready as the next man to use housebreaker tactics to crack a tough assignment. Self-assured. Self-possessed. Self-sufficient.

But a man doesn't get much limelight or commendation sitting behind a desk in "Q" Division.

He had already, in 1940, passed an examination which opened the path to promotion. In theory, what was his future? Anything you like, up to the post of assistant commissioner at £1,900 a year, *in theory*. Because the war had cost him five extremely valuable years he was extremely impatient about getting results.

On his return from the Forces everybody exchanged the usual compliments. But the sergeant told him: "Sorry, we've now revised the promotion scheme." He must sit for his examination again, get word-perfect once more on that four-hundred-page textbook. But not immediately. Oh, no. He must wait twelve months. It's going to be a tooth-and-fang battle before this man gets his sergeant's stripes.

As part of a London police division, this couple's first problem has been home-finding. The young ex-Wren officer, who came from a solid Scottish family, was escorted to a block of police flats and told she might eventually be able to live there "when a vacancy occurred."

The inside of the building was filled with that cold, damp and musty smell that crawls into houses that have been badly designed. The rooms were small and dingy. The staircases and floors were rough uncovered concrete.

Seen from any angle, police flats are different. Push through the flats, all occupied by people more or less well known to one another. Hear the strange noises. . . .

From midnight until 5.30 a.m. the particularly strident motor-exhaust of "Q" cars and squad cars outside. Every morning at 6 a.m. a thunder of boots in the yard as rookies turn out for morning parade. Plus typewriters, telephones, motor cycles and the clop of horses' hoofs. The symphony of police sound ebbs and flows back and forth across the barracks, day and night, night and day.

Appeal—and Response

For a time the newly-marrieds lived in rooms. One day the young constable's superintendent took him by the arm. "We are making an appeal," he said. "We are asking people with spare accommodation to make rooms or flats available to policemen and their families."

Out of the whole of London, as a result of this widespread appeal, I am told that only three policemen found permanent homes.

This young couple were told to go and see a family in a well-to-do part of the city. They were offered basement rooms for a nominal sum each week. In return for accommodation the young policeman would clean the boots, keep the heating system going, answer the doorbell in off evenings. The words of greeting they got from the head of the house were these: "I hope your woman is a capable housemaid."

Had "your woman" owned a tail, it would have been between her legs.

Local authorities should study the man who makes it safe for citizens to work. Married quarters must be improved. And they must be humanized. Today they are as impersonal as a bed sheet.

Better still, and as soon as possible, give the policeman a chance to live independently in a place of his own—as far away as possible from these old honeycombs of prejudice and privilege.

The young policeman had been accustomed to what he now describes as the "comparative freedom" of the R.A.F. Now for the first time in years he went back on the beat. At night he maintained an eight-hour shift. For meals, only a packet of sandwiches. If near a station, he returned inside for a cup of tea.

The bigger stations have canteens. Prices are slightly too high to be called "reasonable." The standard of food is, in many cases, lower than that of the most obscure cafeteria or British Restaurant outside.

And the P.C.s have another legitimate grouse. Although prices are standardized, it is customary, you might almost say compulsory, for sergeants

and higher ranks to eat a far better meal than a street-bashing constable. For the chiefs, tablecloths are laid, "extras" are offered freely. For the constable, the atmosphere of the barrack-room prevails.

On the beat the young P.C. must work to a fixed schedule. He must telephone divisional headquarters at least ten times a shift. This may be a reasonable scheme, but there is little room for individual initiative.

The policeman gets only one day off a week, one weekend off in every seven. His night duty lasts for a month at a time, from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. He works forty-eight hours to the average man's forty.

Now take the overtime question. Police regulations provide that a man shall be compensated in time or in cash, but few policemen dare insist on their rights. Sometimes the young policeman is called for duty in the squad car. For eight hours on end he patrols the streets. At the end of the long night session he may make an arrest. Next morning, instead of going to bed, he must turn up *in his own time* at the police court to give evidence. That night he is back on duty again.

True, he gets a pension at sixty-five, but under the new Pensions Act everybody gets a pension without having to suffer a policeman's hardships.

A point of special annoyance—many a policeman is employed on menial jobs. The police today need the equivalent of an army service corps.

Take the Handcuffs Off

You would suppose that the Police Federation could do something about this sort of thing. But no. It cannot interfere in questions of pay and discipline. The Home Secretary, Chuter Ede, should order it to disband. It is unworkable because it is powerless to force a single issue once the Home Office turns down its "respectful representations."

The police will get nowhere in their fight for new conditions until they take their own union out of the handcuffs, run it themselves, and keep it financially independent of the Home Office. What they need is a trade union body with trade union privileges—excluding only the right to strike and the right to enter into political affiliations.

Now what of the provinces? There are about one hundred and eighty separate police forces in England and Wales, each as full of insularism and pride as the private armies of the Indian sultans. Every one has a chief constable. Some have an assistant chief as well. At the outbreak of war thirty-two forces had an authorized strength of less than fifty men. My local borough police force in Cornwall today has twelve men. Eight of them are young P.C.s. They have little promotion hope.

Chuter Ede has told the House of Commons he is clamping down on some of the petty autocratic powers that chief constables have exercised. High time, too. Up to now a chief constable has, in many cases, made his own local regulations. One man forbade his P.C.s to enter pubs when off duty. I have heard instances of retired Army officers in search of a place in county society who have got themselves at the head of a force about which they know little or nothing.

Until Chuter Ede intervened, a P.C. in some county forces who wished to marry had to make his application by "respectfully" submitting the name and address of his intended bride to a superior officer. In some counties they used to "inspect" a policeman's proposed wife with the care of a jeweller selecting a royal necklace. A report was then submitted to the chief constable on her suitability.

We have talked of a real national police force for a long time. It is time that we established one. Chief constables should be appointed nationally. Promotion examinations should be run by central boards. This would enable young policemen to find rapid promotion in forces outside their own.

It would be an ideal system if older men in the London force, who walk along the streets as if time wasn't pushing them, were shifted out to better living conditions in country districts. Here they could sit back to a more easy old age. In turn, young, ambitious men with plenty of spring in their knees could come up to London.

Apart from conditions of service, what is *wrong* with the police themselves? There is an ancient fable that Englishmen like their policemen. I do not believe this always to be true. My policeman friend tells me that, when walking the street or when approached by individuals, he often *feels* himself surrounded by an atmosphere of suspicion.

I hope he will forgive me if I now point out some not minor blemishes on an impressive record. I have canvassed opinion among half a dozen responsible people—none of them citizens noticeable for their low boiling point. They were almost unanimous in the following view:

Policemen are inclined to "get on the nerves" of the ordinary individual by an implied bossy attitude. Ordinary folk, far from co-operating, often feel like telling the copper to go and climb a Belisha beacon.

Chase the Big Criminals

Policemen seem to pay far too much attention to the small offenders. The ordinary fellow charged with some petty offence feels that police brainpower should be directed *more* towards catching the bigger fry. The suspicion sometimes even enters the minds of ordinary men that policemen are bribed by the big people who stand behind unsavoury nightclubs, black marketeering and other activities. It should never happen that even a shade of suspicion falls on the police force.

Policemen should not encourage offences, or set traps. I have been given an instance of one constable who instructs his wife to report for him any suspicious happenings in the neighbourhood. Very useful, you might say. But instead the neighbours are tyrannized by dozens of charges for small offences.

For the errors in police behaviour the public have the answer in their own hands. They must complain. And reforms of police conditions, too, will be achieved by public pressure.

Break the promotion deadlock. Reorganize the Police Federation into a real union freed from the thumb of officialdom, or you'll never get the copper to make a stand-up fight. Be rid of a dozen petty irritations and I believe the police will quickly get, and keep, its recruits.

No single job on the public payroll is today more difficult, more empty of reward, less charged with hope. But we *do* pay the bill, £25,000,000 a year, for the police. And we want it put to rights.

My friend the policeman's wife would like to see her husband's colleagues do something about it for themselves. As she put it to me yesterday in her delightful Scots burr: "If you think you deserve the part of the turkey that goes over the fence last, that's what you get."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A Changed Man

A YOUNG man I know was, until recently, more than a little unpopular. He had the reputation of being "cocky," scatterbrained, irresponsible and given to associating with a rather wild set.

Then one day he was invited to take a hand in forming an amateur dramatic society. To everyone's surprise he jumped at the offer; and within a week people were amazed to see an entirely new personality emerge—solid, enthusiastic, co-operative.

His is not an isolated case. There are any number of human chameleons who quickly take on the colour of their surroundings. I think most young people on whom elders pass harsh judgments are those who have not yet found the right outlet for their energies.

In fact, all that most people want, young or old, is a chance to show what they can do.

Instead of blaming people for what they are we should try to help them "change their spots."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WHAT NEXT

IT IS NOT OFTEN that our judges have raised the torch of Progress—they tend usually to lag behind public opinion—but a hundred years ago some ironical words addressed by Baron Maule (whom today we should call "Mr. Justice Maule") to a trembling man in the dock at Warwick Assizes inaugurated a new era of social reform.

Every man or woman who has been rescued by divorce from an unhappy marriage owes much to what this bearded bachelor judge said to the cringing labourer who had pleaded guilty to bigamy:

"Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on your own confession of the heinous offence of bigamy. . . . You have, therefore, committed a crime against the laws of your country, and you have also acted under a very serious misapprehension of the course which you ought to have pursued.

"You ought first to have gone to the Ecclesiastical Court and there obtained against your wife a decree of separation. Then you should have brought an action in the Courts of Common Law and recovered . . . damages against your wife's paramour. Armed with these decrees, you should next have approached the legislature and obtained a private Act of Parliament which would have rendered you free and legally competent to marry this other woman.

"*It is quite true that such proceedings would have cost you many hundreds of pounds, whereas you probably have not as many pennies; but the law knows no distinction between rich and poor. . . .*"

The judge's words forced into the open the long pent-up irritation at the effete divorce laws which he had so cogently summarized. Parliament had to act. Despite bitter opposition headed by Mr. Gladstone, a civil divorce court was set up in 1857; instead of half-a-dozen rich couples being set free each year by private Acts of Parliament, the way was now opened for the ordinary citizen to obtain relief from intolerable matrimonial conditions.

But opposition to easier divorce did not die with Gladstone; a large and powerful block has sought ever since 1857 to stem the tide and, as we shall see, their influence is still strong. Our divorce laws today are rather like the game of snakes and ladders: sometimes a lucky throw of the dice allows you great advantages; sometimes you hit a snake and have to go back almost to where you started.

Over a Post Office Counter

What the snakes (I use the word in no offensive spirit) assert is that marriage is not a mere contract which a lay bench is entitled to dissolve; alternatively, if the jurisdiction of the civil courts has to be admitted, then everything should be done to ensure that divorce is not made too easy. How would you like it, they ask, if the present trend of easier divorce continues until a petitioner is able to obtain his decree over a post office counter?

It is not as easy as it looks to get a divorce—or, shall I say, to get a divorce without secretly breaking the law.

For one thing, collusion—an agreement or bargain between husband and wife—is an absolute bar to a decree; it is the snake of all snakes, which runs you right off the board. Yet I hesitate to suggest how few undefended divorces nowadays would go through if all trace of collusion were really absent.

Take a typical instance. Husband and Wife find themselves hopelessly, irreconcilably, at loggerheads. Possibly Husband has formed an attachment for an Other Woman and wishes to be free to marry her. "If I give you evidence and pay all expenses and make you a good allowance," he says to Wife, "will you divorce me?" Wife agrees, reluctantly or otherwise. A week or two later an hotel

IN DIVORCE REFORM?

by a Barrister-at-Law

Divorce laws are rather like the old game—both "snakes" and "ladders" strew the path of the would-be divorcee. It is time we cleared the board, and let a sensible and straightforward code of rules, not chance, govern the "play"

bill arrives for her in the post, showing that Husband and somebody else (very likely not the Other Woman, because Husband does not wish to risk implicating her) have stayed together.

Tongue in cheek, Wife visits her solicitors, who instantly send an inquiry agent to the hotel with the bill and a photograph of Husband and Wife. If they are lucky—and if Husband has prudently made himself noticeable by over tipping, or possibly the reverse—a chambermaid will remember the couple and agree to swear in court that they slept together in the same bed and that the "lady" was not Wife.

Some Cases May Be Genuine

Unless and until the courts decide that hotel-bill divorces are not to be granted there is no reason to suppose that the existing flood of petitions will abate. The snakes, who dislike being fooled as well as being beaten, would gladly suppress this ground for divorce, but how can they? Some hotel-bill cases may be genuine and wholly untainted by collusion. I have heard of such. But not many.

The second main ground for divorce nowadays is desertion. Snakes and ladders have their place here, too. There are plenty of straightforward examples every week in the courts where one spouse has gone away and left the other without good reason for the statutory period of three years and upwards; but present-day housing conditions do not always permit this simplicity. Husband and wife may have ceased to speak to each other for a number of years, let alone share a bedroom; but neither may be able to secure accommodation elsewhere, so they have to go on sharing the same house or flat.

The law, in one of its ladder moods, has decreed that desertion may, nevertheless, exist in such circumstances, and this concession has led to some fantastic results.

There was a case recently where a husband said his wife had both deserted him and treated him with cruelty ("conduct of such a character as to have caused danger to life, limb or bodily or mental health, or as to give rise to a reasonable apprehension of such danger").

He admitted that they were still living together in the same flat and even having their meals together; but, he went on, three years ago his wife declared that she wanted nothing more to do with him and, in particular, she had ever since refused him marital intercourse—as a result of which, he averred, his nerves had gone to pieces and his hair had fallen out.

Now it happens that twenty-odd years ago a snakish decision of the divorce courts decided that the mere refusal of marital intercourse is not enough grounds for a decree for desertion; so this petitioner's counsel pleaded "cruelty" as well as "desertion."

The suit was undefended, but, of course, the judge was there to see that the letter and spirit of the law (and of the divorce snakes and ladders game) were observed. Doctors gave evidence to say that the petitioner had been quite a healthy man, with a fine head of hair, until his wife moved into another bedroom, and that there was no other reasonable explanation of his loss of health and hair.

The judge said he found that the allegation of cruelty had not been sufficiently made out, but he was satisfied both by the petitioner's and by the doctors' evidence that the wife had deserted her husband; so he pronounced a decree.

Upon which the petitioner, replacing the ginger wig he sported in court, hurried home and, over the tea which his wife had prepared for them, told her that they were now divorced. He was only just in time. A few weeks later the House of Lords reiterated very firmly that the refusal of intercourse is not in itself sufficient grounds for a finding of desertion—let alone of cruelty.

Snakes and Ladders Once More

A further fine example of the snakes and ladders alternation was afforded recently by another House of Lords judgment. Inability to consummate a marriage has always been held, even by the snakes, to be a sufficient reason for declaring it void.

Now, the 1937 Act went further, laying down that "wilful refusal" by one spouse to consummate the marriage was equally good grounds on which the other might obtain a divorce. Some years ago a British couple named Cowen spent their early married life in the Middle East in an isolated community where, as both agreed, it would be foolhardy to try to rear a family; therefore, they used contraceptives.

When, in course of time, they returned to England the husband insisted on continuing this practice, though the original reason had gone. So the wife obtained a decree on the ground that, by refusing normal intercourse whereby she might have the children she now desired—and whose arrival is envisaged, as her counsel pointed out, by the words of the Church of England marriage service: "First, marriage was ordained for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord"—her husband had in fact and in law "wilfully refused" to consummate the marriage.

A spate of similar petitions followed, and the snakes became extremely worried.

Well, very soon the House of Lords came to the rescue of the opponents of easier divorce. Their Lordships were deciding the case of *Baxter v. Baxter*, where a husband had petitioned on the grounds that, ever since the beginning of his marriage, his wife had insisted on the use of contraceptives; he admitted, incidentally, that, in deference to her wishes, he had for some years agreed to this.

The First Object of Marriage

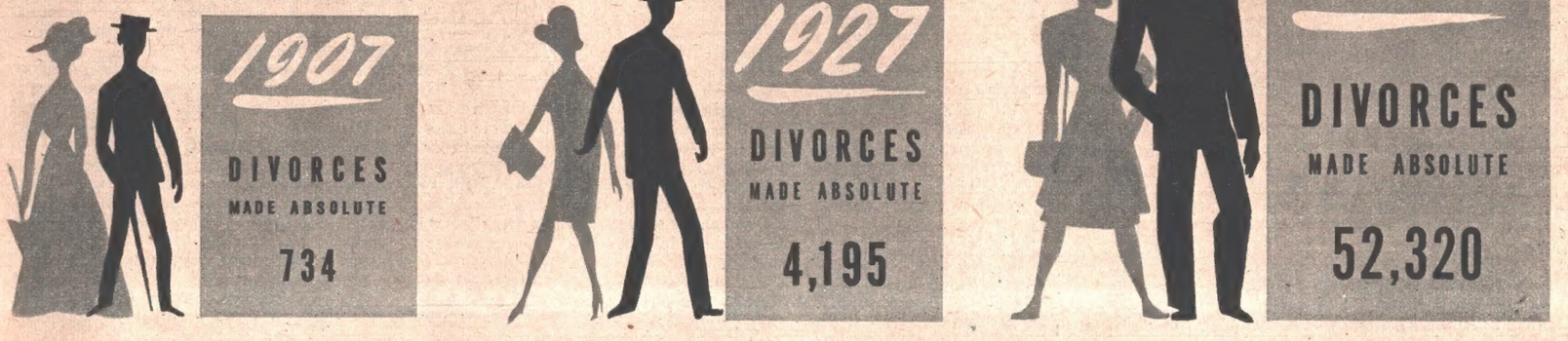
The House of Lords, having pondered for some time on the matter, eventually gave a judgment which pleased the snakes, but has annoyed many other people. It held that, by acceding to his wife's wishes for some time, the husband had disqualified himself from claiming that she had "wilfully refused" consummation, and it added, for reasons which many will find puzzling, that the words in the prayer book really mean that the first object of marriage is *the Christian education of such children as may be born.*

This is the very latest move in the divorce game, but it does not affect many would-be petitioners. The moral for them is obvious—and, I am afraid, immoral. It is: "Follow the crowd . . . and don't under tip!"

To sum up, what is the overall position in the divorce arena today? What comes next—a run up the ladders or a set-back from the snakes?

The tendency is for the courts to grant decrees pretty easily in cases where the marriage has clearly broken down, even though one spouse may still be reluctant to release the other. It is felt, and rightly so, that to continue to tie two estranged people together is wholly against the public interest. In undefended cases (where presumably both spouses are agreed in the matter, however reluctantly), one rarely nowadays finds judges probing too energetically into the possibility of "collusion," unless this aspect is forced on their attention by indiscreet letters or admissions.

But, on the other hand, where *Baxter v. Baxter* or similar legal complexities are involved, the snakes are having things all their own way at the moment; and it will take another Act of Parliament to dislodge them.



This century has seen divorces rise from hundreds a year to many thousands. Yet divorce, strictly within the law, isn't as easy as figures seem to show

A Journey around Mr. Phelps

What a complicated piece of work is Arthur Phelps. And how different he appears to different people

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

MR. PHELPS AWOKE with a start. Something furry brushed his cheek, trying to crawl into his bed. As he propped himself confusedly on one arm, the alarm went off. Solomon, the Phelps's cat, arched his back and hissed. Mr. Phelps shut off the alarm, allowed himself five more minutes of warmth and comfort, and then got unwillingly out of bed into the bitter world of half-past seven.

He awoke his wife with a dutiful kiss and the invariable "Time to get up, dear." Solomon the cat, transferring his attention to Mrs. Phelps, pranced purringly over her eiderdown.

Mrs. Phelps yawned "Aawooah-urh," and tried to remember what she had been worrying about when she fell asleep last night. Her husband shuffled over to the window and drew back the curtains. As he did so, the cat, Solomon, bounded over to him and rubbed itself ecstatically against his legs.

To the cat, Solomon, Mr. Phelps was the Harmless, Warm Immensity That Sometimes Gives Fish. Seen from Solomon's eye-level, Mr. Phelps was a vast pair of slippers tapering to a circular pyjama-clad mound with a ridiculously small foreshortened face at the top.

Years ago, Solomon had discovered the formula: *Rubbing against Immensity's legs = Food.*

To his wife, Ursula, who saw him through one eye as he stood for a moment by the chilly, rain-splashed window, Arthur Phelps appeared as a baldish, pink-cheeked man on the brink of middle age, his once athletic figure beginning to sag a little inside his Utility pyjamas, blinking like a sleepy baby as he hunted for his spectacles.

Just for a second she remembered the vigorous, jealous Arthur of their honeymoon in 1928.

He had stood, in just such an attitude, before the shuttered window of a room in a Swiss hotel, his background a blue stretch of Lake Maggiore and a white foam of mountains towering away in the distance.

"God, what a morning!" he had cried, radiant with delight, his arms stretched heavenwards in pure joy.

How gallant, attentive and conquering he had been! His smashing backhand shot close to the net at tennis, his muddy grin after the Old Boys' rugger match, the confident way he used to speak at the village Liberal Association garden fête. The look of embarrassed wonder in his eyes as he first beheld his baby daughter. His photo as a smooth-skinned youth in khaki on the Somme in the first World War.

Of course, they'd all been through a great deal since 1928. She had to make allowances. They'd started out with practically nothing, and now they were established.

ARTHUR wasn't quite the same nowadays. In fact, he wasn't the same at all, and sometimes Ursula felt a stab of regret for the man she had married. He was irritable, his digestion wasn't too good, he worried even more than she did, he had a lot of responsibility at the office. He didn't get much time for reading or talking to her or having fun. Still, he made quite good little jokes, he was kind to the children and civil to their neighbours, and he played a decent game of bridge.

Anyway, they'd brought up a family, they'd fulfilled themselves, and—who knew?—perhaps some day the dullish, rather alien person who now stood at the window in his Utility pyjamas would change, would again show something of the hero, the lover, whom she still carried in her heart.

"God, what a morning," he muttered disgustedly, and padded out to the bathroom.

Thus did Mr. Phelps appear to his wife, Ursula.

To his son, Robert, aged eleven, Mr. Phelps had two personalities, a weekday one and a Sunday one.

The Sunday one was a companionable fellow who pottered in the garden and showed an intelligent interest in model boats and emperor moth caterpillars.

The weekday father, however, was disappointing. At breakfast he was a preoccupied invisibility behind a newspaper, a voice occasionally bursting out: "Wretched Government . . . ruining the country. . . . It's the taxpayer who suffers every time."

The weekday father was always in a hurry; one did not broach such subjects as more pocket-money or the fact that Coulston Major had a new bicycle of the kind one needed badly oneself.

And after dinner, in the brief hour before bedtime, one listened to father telling mother what had happened in the City. Sometimes father came up to the bedroom to say good night, but more often he fell asleep in front of the fire with the radio full on.

To his daughter, Marion, aged sixteen, Mr. Phelps was an object of mingled adoration and mystery.

During the last two years she had

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Government troops dig in by village school to counter rebel threat from mountains. Greek fights Greek, but it's more than civil war.—*Photograph by Peter Stursberg*

Pincers on GREECE

by Peter Stursberg

On Sunday Italy goes to the polls—a crucial phase in the "cold" war between East and West. In Greece, however, the struggle is already beyond the "cold" stage—there is fighting between Government forces and guerrillas. Greece is isolated in a pro-Russian bloc. Greece is a danger spot that needs watching

I WANTED to get to the front where they are fighting the civil war—the civil war, not between Greek and Greek, but between one half of the world and the other. But, until Mr. Limberopolis mentioned the train, I had given up hope of even getting out of any of the Greek cities.

There were no army jeeps now. In any case, the few remaining British troops were not allowed beyond the immediate confines of the ports. U.N.S.C.O.B. (the United Nations Special Committee on the Balkans) had no missions planned. No civilian drivers would venture out into the country because they said the roads had been mined by the "Andartes."

I was ready to pack up and return to Athens when I lunched with Mr. Limberopolis at a café which stands on the curving, caique-lined waterfront of Salonika, almost opposite the hazy magnificence of Mount Olympus.

Mount Olympus, home of the gods, was the centre of that western civilization which was born two and a half milleniums ago at the top right-hand corner of the Mediterranean, in Hellas, the land which we now call Greece. Today Greece is no longer the centre of western civilization. It is a lonely spur, thrusting out from Europe into the obscurities of a rival way of life born in the East. Around and above it lie the countries which have turned their backs on the old ideals of Europe and, willingly or not, have staked their futures on the new ideals from Asia.

There was a reason why each of those countries might link itself with Russian Communism. All had Slav blood or ancient common interests. All might be said to have come within the scope of the understandings reached at that fateful Yalta meeting of the Big Three. But Greece has none of those ties. Greece belongs to the West. If Communism, represented by the guerrillas inside Greece and their supporters outside, wins the battle for Greece, it will have struck a new, open blow in the struggle between East and West.

A Frontier Vital to Us

It may be that, in order to prevent the capture of Greece, the Western Powers, led by the United States, will feel compelled to take the most drastic action that has yet been seen in the "cold war." For the Greek frontier is not simply the frontier of Greece, it is the frontier of western civilization.

"Take the train," Mr. Limberopolis said. "It is the best way and the safest." Mr. Limberopolis was the Government Press officer. "The train," he continued, "leaves every day for Istanbul. It used to take eighteen hours. Now it takes four days, since it can travel only in daytime, because of the guerrillas. I never heard of anybody reaching Istanbul recently."

He wrote down the times I should leave and return, and the name Mouries, which was the place I should visit in the middle of rebel territory and near the Jugoslav border. At the station the train bulked large in the early morning darkness. The single first- and second-class coach was in the middle. At the front and rear two cattle trucks had been reinforced with concrete and each was manned by a dozen soldiers with machine guns.

At the first grey light of day, the train crept out of the station and, with a hopeful toot on its whistle, started on the hazardous journey to Istanbul. I rubbed the steam from the window and looked out on the desolation of a wrecked marshalling yard: rows of black engines battered into nightmarish shapes; smashed wagons twisted inside out so that their wheels hung in the air. The main line was nothing but a single track.

Though war damage was not as severe in Greece as in some parts of Europe, the end of the war found the country prostrate. The drachma was the first currency to reach astronomical figures. Just after the liberation, haircuts cost millions.

Greece needed help—and got it: £100,000,000 worth of U.N.R.R.A. goods and supplies, more than £300,000,000 in assistance from Britain and America alone. We undertook to put Greece on her feet, but, in our own straitened circumstances, we had to give up. The Americans took over where we left off.

American officials estimate that it will cost them five hundred million dollars a year simply to maintain the status quo in Greece, without any hope of suppressing the guerrillas. Those five hundred millions have to be poured out in passive defence because the Greeks are in no shape to help themselves. At the end of the war, a new spirit, born of sweeping changes, was needed for the great effort of reconstruction. It did not come.

There was no New Deal in the Government, not even a shuffling of the pack. The old gang stayed in power, and the collaborators who had grown fat under the Germans remained to grow fatter still. The same politicians who had been bobbing in and out of Greek affairs since the twenties were back again.

No efficient rationing system was introduced, so black marketing is rife. Prices of foodstuffs and essential commodities rise all the time. Corruption is taken for granted and a bar room joke. Nobody has confidence in the Government, not even its supporters, who are sending their money abroad or buying golden sovereigns, which have become a second currency. And, throughout the country, closing in on the towns, wrecking roads and cutting railways, are the Communist guerrillas.

The train slowed down to a crawl before crossing every bridge and culvert, each surrounded by barbed wire and trenches. There was a full company of troops at every station. At Mouries, the walrus-moustached stationmaster shook his head when I showed him Mr. Limberopolis's train timings for the return journey.

That one, he said, pointing his flag at the disappearing train, would be back shortly before twelve. "Boom!" he said. The line had been blown so badly just beyond Mouries that it could not be repaired in time to let the train continue its journey. It would have to come back again.

Stationmaster Who Escaped

Inside the station house, the walls were pock-marked with bullet holes. Another room was black and charred. The stationmaster (he crossed himself) had been away when the "Andartes" carried out their raid. Along the line I had seen other stations where they had been more successful.

I found battalion headquarters in a two-storeyed stone cottage down a mud road. Mouries is at the foot of the Belles Massif, which rises abruptly from the Macedonian plain like a great wall dividing Greece and Jugoslavia. The frontier runs along the top of the rocky ridge.

On Belles, Lieutenant Dimopolis told me, was a band of guerrillas between eight hundred and a thousand strong. Their commander has assumed the name of Lasannis. His headquarters were in the dark gully, nearly at the top of the snow-streaked mass, a bit to the right.

"You can sometimes see them there," said the lieutenant, handing me a pair of field glasses. To my surprise, I saw men moving around on the bare mountainside; guerrillas—one detachment of the twenty thousand who are harrying Greece from their bases on and beyond the northern frontiers.

The commanding officer, a dapper little major in highly polished riding boots, drove me in a jeep

at painful speed over the bumpy mud road to the next village. It had been attacked the night before and the soldiers were busy digging trenches round the white schoolhouse.

If regular military measures had been effective, the Government troops would have defeated the rebels long ago, for they have always outnumbered them by at least ten to one.

Why the inactivity at Mouries? Why look at the guerrillas through field glasses instead of getting to grips with them? "We haven't the equipment," said Lieutenant Dimopolis. "When are the Allies going to give us enough arms so that we can clear the mountains and prevent anybody from crossing the frontier?"

Observers in Greece suspect that this constant harping on deficiencies, when the military parks are crammed with artillery, may be an excuse for a possible failure of the spring offensive. The morale of the army is low. Most of the conscripts have no great stomach for the fighting.

Aid for Markos

Nor is it at all certain that arms alone will be enough. Since the formation of the rebel Markos government, there has been no definite proof of increased aid to him from outside. The only assistance which the United Nations Commission has noted in its most recent reports is what it describes as "logistic aid" from Albania, which is still technically at war with Greece. But there is circumstantial evidence that the guerrillas are getting help from Jugoslavia and Bulgaria as well.

One certain way to end the war is to seal the frontiers. But the frontiers zigzag over six hundred miles of mountains. A British colonel told me that fifty divisions would be needed for the job, and there is not sufficient hinterland to support them. So the guerrillas continue to raid, and the Communist-controlled neighbouring countries continue to aid them.

"I see no solution," said a British official who has been in Greece ever since the liberation. "Things have gone so far now that there is only one way out: an agreement between West and East. And that doesn't seem very likely now.

"Of course, there is the other solution which we all fear — the final bust-up. The guerrillas are growing in numbers and may threaten Salonika. Then the Americans will have to consider military intervention seriously. But I don't think so. I think things will go on just as they are for some time yet."

Nearer and Nearer

A couple of days after my return to Salonika, I met Mr. Limberopolis in the small bar of the Ritz Hotel.

"You were lucky to have gone to Mouries when you did," he said, adjusting his monocle. "The bandits have blown a bridge at Kilkis and you would not have got that far now."

So, to the boom of exploding mines and the rattle of rifle fire from raiding parties, the new ideologies of the East creep slowly into the birthplace of the ancient ideals of the West.

The people distrust the Government and the soldiers have no heart for fighting. The raiders have material support and the comforting example of similar victories in other countries. The Americans pour in money in an effort to reinforce the rickety dykes, breached in new places every day.

But is money enough to stem the tide? Must America soon face up to the task of pouring in troops as well? And what will be the Russian reaction to that?

A JOURNEY AROUND MR. PHELPS

Continued from page 8

realized that there was something romantic about him.

The secret life of Marion Phelps was a confusion of Gregory Peck's profile, Ronald Colman's maturity, Sinatra's voice, Mason's ruthlessness. And lately it had been complicated by Alan Breck in *Kidnapped*. Father, too, belonged to this disturbing, untried male world. With him, consciously or not, she compared all men.

Father talked to her so little and so seldom. One day they were going to have long talks together. She would tell him the things that went on in her imagination, things her mother wouldn't understand—ambitions, aspirations, fantasies. He wouldn't laugh at them. Father knew so much about life, she was sure, and he would tell her if only he could get the words out.

It was unfair of mother to say he was unsociable; he was only shy. And, poor man, he worked so hard.

Mr. Phelps looked at his watch, kissed his family goodbye. Through the dining-room window they saw him reach the gate, rush back to the hall for his umbrella and, panting with impatience, vanish down the avenue.

We have now seen Mr. Phelps as he appeared to his family.

To his next-door neighbour, Miss Lampard, who glimpsed him for a second as he hurried towards the station, Mr. Phelps represented an ideal. He was what a man ought to be: married, in a good position, with a safe little home, two healthy children, and nice manners. He raised his hat properly to her, a good two inches off his head. Her envy of Mrs. Phelps was the dominating factor of Miss Lampard's life.

"Of course, Ursula doesn't appreciate him," she would tell her friends, the two Miss Crumps and Mrs. Tarleton, the doctor's wife, when they came to tea. "You have to have patience with men, I always say. They're weaker than we are. She's always on at him about something—smoking, or forgetting to post letters. She doesn't realize his *depth*. Such an *interesting* man, my dear—so *well read*. He talked to me for hours at the parish room dance. . . ."

To the stationmaster at Five Elms Junction, Mr. Phelps was Season Ticket Holder No. 51,528, a perspiring, red-faced, anxious man who nearly missed his train every morning.

The stationmaster never failed to remark to his solitary porter: "Why the 'ell that little fat chap can't get up five minutes earlier beats me."

To his companions of the 9.20 Mr. Phelps was at least three more different people. He travelled in the end compartment of the fourth coach with four other men: Burney, Goddard, Collinson and Foster. They called themselves, jocularly, The Gang.

Burney and Goddard thought Arthur Phelps, socially, a thoroughly good fellow. True, Burney considered him a trifle mean and suspicious: years ago Arthur had once asked him for an IOU when lending him two pounds. But Goddard, whom Arthur often stood drinks, knowing him to be hard up, thought him the soul of generosity.

The Gang sometimes met secretly in the snooker room of the village pub before dinner on Sunday evenings. Good old Arthur, thought his four companions. Always tells the best stories. His wife would have a fit if she could hear some of 'em.

Collinson had been in the Army with Arthur Phelps, back in 1918. They had crouched in a shell hole together under fire in the Big Push. Arthur's nerves had given way. He'd tried to run back to the comparative safety of the trenches, screaming: "I don't want to die. I'm too young. I want to live."

Collinson had dragged him back, slapping his cheeks to stop the hysteria, pulled him down and sat on his head.

Nobody else knew. It was a bond between the two men—and yet a barrier. All his life, Arthur knew, Collinson would see him as the youth who had screamed with fear, even though Arthur had come out of the war with an M.M., and thirty long years had passed since then.

To Foster, the youngest of The Gang, Mr. Phelps was a brutal lout who had once kicked him downstairs at school. Years later they had been rivals for the hand of Ursula, and Arthur had nearly lost.

Foster was now happily married to someone else, and the two men passed for good friends. But always, despite the healing of time, Foster would look at Mr. Phelps and see, sometimes, the crushingly successful suitor, but more often only the ferocious little boy, and feel again the agonizing pain in his seat.

The five men smoked, reckoned up how much money they'd save if they didn't smoke, read their papers, told each other sagaciously that things had been different before the war.

All this time a strange transformation was taking place in Mr. Phelps. It took place regularly every morning, five days a week, and was of forty minutes' duration, the length of his journey to London.

The Mr. Phelps who leapt into a taxi at Victoria Station was not the Mr. Phelps who had puffed on to the platform at Five Elms Junction. For Phelps the Husband and Father had become Phelps the Aggressive Business Man.

To himself Arthur Phelps was a success when he felt well, and a failure when he was out of sorts. He hadn't got halfway towards realizing his youthful ambitions, but—by heaven!—he'd kept his head above water, he'd achieved more than his father had done, and it wasn't everyone who could say that.

To Wigginson, the office boy, who sprang to open the door of his inner sanctum for him, Mr. Phelps stood on the topmost peak of success. Would he, Wigginson, ever be a general manager? Would he even, by dint of night schools, rise to be chief clerk? If only he could do something to attract Mr. Phelps's attention. Save his life or something.

If only, one fine morning, Mr. Phelps would ring for him, offer him a chair, and say: "Wigginson, my boy, we're

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

MANY home-seekers will look with envy at Michael Critchlow's cover. After a long wait, the young couple have at last come to their Shangri La, the place where dreams come true. It's a moment of triumph for them both, as the husband paints the name on the white gate. Critchlow drew this incident from life when two young friends of his recently took over a newly built house. Actually the house name is different, but Critchlow feels that the housing situation justifies him in taking a little artist's licence in his own choice of name.

"Funny to think that two years ago we were still in uniform"

One in six people in Britain lives in a silent world of moving lips and gestures. Now, tired of being "left out," the deaf are storming the barriers of isolation

Britain's Forgotten Sixth

by HARRY HOPKINS

"Some games may look childish" . . . but they help destroy a silence filled only by head noises

THE FUN IS FAST and furious. Shrieks of laughter; hot, happy faces. The team on the left is winning the balloon race. A motley crew: teenagers and baldheads. Then, one notices it: the thing they have in common. A bit of wire sprouting from an ear. A loop running into a pocket. A black squirl in a buttonhole.

In the shabby scouts' hall a balloon explodes with a sudden pop and a pretty girl comes up to the front of the line. Not until she turns round does one see the two inches of wire peeping from under her turban. For she is at one of Britain's new deaf clubs and, but for that wire, hers would be a world of near-silence. . . .

One in every six of the people of Britain has a defect of hearing. That's an estimate; exact figures don't exist. A strange confession for a civilized nation to have to make, certainly, yet typical of our behaviour towards the deaf.

If a blind man comes on to a stage a wave of compassion sweeps across the theatre. If a deaf man says "Hey?" and makes some foolish mistake, we hold our sides. The joke's been the making of many a music hall turn. Yet we are a kindly people.

Why then? A deaf woman explained it this way: "Everyone can shut his eyes and imagine what it's like to be blind. Everyone's been scared of the dark. But how many know what the world is like to the deaf? So quiet, you say, you can hear a pin drop. We, the deaf, hear no pins drop. Ever been in an aquarium, watching those fish mouths opening and closing through the thick glass? Well, that's how it is—only we're on the wrong side of the glass. We're squeezed up in telephone booths, watching life rushing by and we can't get out to it. . . ."

The misfortune of the deaf is that they look so normal. When they don't act normal, people write them off as "queer," and not belonging. They're afraid they're rather in a hurry. They really have to get along. And the deaf, hypersensitive, shrink back into their dark corners, die bitterly, by inches.

They've Leaders and a Banner

Today the deaf are on the march; today the deaf have leaders. If the world forgot, they decided, well, they would remind it. They would organize.

And so, in September, 1946, was launched a remarkable mass movement, a nation-wide league of Britain's deaf with a message for Britain's hearing. Its name is the British Association for the Hard of Hearing, and on its banner it flaunts a phrase from William Morris: "Fellowship is Life." Today, with five thousand members and seventy local clubs on its books, this army of the deaf is recruiting fast.

A Wirral woman, Miss A. M. Fisher, is its secretary. Miss Fisher is at a peculiar advantage in appreciating the full bitterness of deafness. She's a deaf musician. She was a young girl studying at the Royal Academy of Music when the muffling curtain first fell round her, and a professional pianist in Liverpool when, finally, it came down—and stayed down.

Music, which had been everything, was now, suddenly, nothing. Eighty-five per cent deaf in one ear, she could still hear the radio—with an aid. But the tones were hideously wrong. Everything, somehow, was wrong. She found herself fumbling for words—as if she didn't know English. She had to get used to accepting, without resentment, the little sign her family gave her when her voice boomed too loud or was off pitch.

She struggled with lip reading, and sat bewildered as the conversation shuttled about the room—like a football spectator losing sight of the ball during some swift passing. She would watch them laugh, and smile woodenly, afraid to seem dull or boorish, but all the time bursting inside with the unfairness of it all.

But she won through. It was a lip-readers' world, but there were, she found, still plenty of things to enjoy in it. Men and women fell into a new classification: thoughtless men who talked with hands over their mouths, cigarette-in-lips mumblers, perpetual pipe-biters. Women were easier to lip read than men, the "uneducated" better than the "educated."

Miss Fisher was, she says, one of the lucky ones. Her family was understanding and helpful. She told me about another deaf girl whose people only troubled to speak to her when they wanted something to eat. And a deaf wife whose husband had decided she was just stupid. For such despairing prisoners in a silent world, the deaf clubs, local units of the Hard of Hearing Association, with their weekly parties, their quizzes, their film shows and their lip-reading classes, open the door to life.

Leaders of the deaf want to see special schools and special methods—at present very rare for the partially deaf.

They believe they could do quite a bit to fill the manpower gap. Wonders have been performed finding work for men with one leg, one arm, no arms. But the Disability Order, compelling firms to take their quota of disabled, does not apply to the hard of hearing.

At heart this is a problem of education: the education of the deaf in their attitude to their affliction going hand in hand with the education of the general public in an understanding of the world of the deaf and its problems.

Head Noises Hound Them

All over the shabby hall now, the balloons are exploding with indignant little pops. "Some of these games may seem rather childish," says Percy Read, "but they work. You see, it's so necessary for deaf people not just to get into a corner, listening to their head noises."

He told me about the head noises: the evil genie that haunts deafened people, hounding them in their affliction, underlining their isolation, amplifying self-pity. An inspector of taxes, Read first began to notice his growing deafness at committee meetings, five years ago.

Adam Fullilove, who's a seventeen-year-old film laboratory worker, was perhaps luckier, in a way. He went deaf at five after an attack of measles. Childhood makes its own swift adjustments. For William Grant, schoolteacher, who went deaf in the Army, resettlement in civilian life—with the problem of controlling a class you mightn't have heard straight—wasn't easy. And what most got John Smith, a blitz victim, was being yelled at by his youngest boy, still too young to notice whether he was wearing his hearing aid or not.

Vivien Gregory was a girl with ambitions. She'd planned out her life. And she was actually on the first stage of the plan, at her teachers' training college at Exeter, when deafness fell upon her.

She didn't abandon her plans; she adjusted them. She tried librarianship. But all the librarians she went to see shook their heads discouragingly. She taught herself typing, took bookkeeping lessons. She wrote out seventy-two applications for jobs. But employers shied away from a girl who wore a hearing aid, however industrious, however accomplished. In between clerical jobs she took on domestic work, anything: she had to make a living. She wasn't going to be "the deaf daughter, you know."

The war gave her, at last, the reward of her persistence. She found a niche on a county newspaper, did most jobs there for several years. Today she's a freelance journalist. The fight goes on.

In that fight which each must make for himself, the deaf today draw strength from the knowledge that other deaf are behind them, sharing their problems, pushing through with them into the ranks of full citizenship. They have also the satisfaction of knowing that at last a New Deal is in sight. On July 5 defective hearing will become for the first time in Britain a matter of national concern.

"Ears" Are So Expensive

Wherever the deaf are gathered together there is one subject that always crops up: hearing aids, those odd little black boxes and cylinders, the sources of the wires, the ears of the deaf. Hearing aids come in all shapes and sizes. Some suit one sort of deafness; some another. Others are no earthly use at all. But all have one thing in common: fabulous expensiveness, both at first and afterwards.

Promising symbol of the New Deal for the Deaf, therefore, will be the distribution, under the National Health Act, of at least fifty thousand free hearing aids, manufactured to Government order after prolonged research at the National Physical Laboratory.

The plan also provides for a network of clinics for early diagnosis and treatment of deafness. Special schools and classes for hard of hearing children are to be extended. And one of these days we may even know exactly how many deaf people we have in Britain!

Britain's Forgotten Sixth may take hope. Let them keep on pushing—the doors of those telephone booths are opening at last.

NABOB'S CHARIOT

by Irving Wallace

A car, not for the million, but for the millionaire; a car that's conservative, yet caters for luxury whims; a car that's a very British institution, yet a mark of wealth the world over. In two words—a Rolls-Royce

This streamlined, unorthodox Rolls, specially made for a client, is

FEBRUARY, 1945, FOUND Winston Churchill facing a peculiar problem. Both he and President Roosevelt had held conversations with King Ibn Saud of Arabia after the Yalta conference. To mark this first meeting, Roosevelt had offered the King a fully-equipped C-47 aeroplane. Churchill must offer a similar magnificent gift on behalf of Britain.

But where, in a Britain stripped for wartime action and austerity, was such a present to be found? Churchill's solution was to offer the King one of Britain's most famous motor cars—a Rolls-Royce.

It was only on his return to London that he discovered that, by his own order, the Rolls factories in Derby, Crewe and Glasgow were still turning out engines for Spitfires, Hurricanes and Lancasters. Not a single Rolls-Royce limousine had been manufactured since the outbreak of war.

It was an embarrassing position for the Prime Minister—the loss of diplomatic face incalculable. Churchill consulted the Ministry of Supply, and the Ministry, in turn, huddled with the harried directors of Rolls-Royce.

In the end, an existing Phantom-III chassis was allocated to Ibn Saud.

The body of this Royal touring limousine was painted metallic green, with darker green bumpers. The running boards were very wide, so that Ibn Saud's slave-bodyguards could stand on them, three on each side. There were also a siren and a searchlight for the bodyguards to operate.

The Things That Were Laid On

Inside, the leather upholstery and the cabinet-work were metallic green. Dominating the rear were a solid silver bowl and a copper water tank, for Ibn Saud's Mohammedan ceremonial ablutions. After use, the water could be released through the bottom of the car. Other back-seat accessories included an electric fan for the desert heat, a super radio set, three built-in alabastrine vacuum flasks, and a chest containing three brushes and a comb.

"We were careful," explains one of the body designers, "to have the brush bristles made of nylon, since the King, being a Moslem, would not use hog bristles." The rear seat of the car was built like a spacious throne, on which Ibn Saud could sit in solitary state.

Today, when Ibn Saud makes his annual journey to Mecca, he orders out his entire caravan of 500 cars. Most of them, transporting his three Moslem wives, many of his 150 divorced wives, and his vast harem of non-Moslem Armenian, Sudanese and refugee Russian girls, have blinds drawn to hide the veiled women. At the head of the caravan goes the magnificent gift Rolls-Royce and in the rear seat, alone, sits Ibn Saud, with no blinds to hide his obvious pleasure.

With his green Rolls-Royce, Ibn Saud became a member of one of the world's most exclusive fraternities. For very few people have ever owned new Rolls-Royces who were not famous or wealthy or both. Tsar Nicholas II of Russia, whose income was over two million pounds a year, was one of the early buyers.

In May, 1914, he purchased two seven-passenger Rolls-Royces from the company's Paris salesrooms, and had them shipped to Russia. The Tsar used one for himself and gave the other to his wife and the strange monk, Rasputin, who exercised so much influence at the Russian court.

Hirohito's Father; Lawrence of Arabia

About the same time, Hirohito's insane father, Emperor Taisho of Japan, displayed enough clarity to purchase a Rolls for his State limousine. It was painted cherry-red and black, with the imperial chrysanthemum in gold on each door, and when it rolled down the streets attendants sprinkled fresh sand before it.

But the most famous Rolls-Royce during the first World War was driven by a commoner. He was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the enigmatic Lawrence of Arabia. The Government loaned him nine Rolls-Royces for his guerrilla campaign against the Turks. In a single day, using three of them, Lawrence wiped out a Kurdish cavalry regiment, captured two Kurdish outposts, and blew up two bridges.

Today the Rolls-Royce is possessed by rulers and millionaires in almost every corner of the globe. On the Riviera, the Aga Khan, sixteen-stone spiritual leader of ten million Moslems known as Ismailis, owns an ornate Sedanca model Rolls.

In Egypt, King Farouk has a Rolls in which the cowling above the dashboard is made of ivory. In Siam, the royal family possesses a pale-blue, chromium-plated community Rolls-Royce. It was purchased originally by King Rama VI (1910-1925), whose love for things English also extended to translating Shakespeare into Siamese.

In Persia, twenty-eight year old Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, the reigning shah, drives about in a spacious, elderly, completely bulletproof Rolls-Royce.

The Shah's late father, an opium-smoking despot, bought the car when he took over the throne of Persia in 1926, always drove it at the head of a sixteen-car caravan, and, upon staying in a village for the night, had all the dogs shot so that their barking might not disturb his sleep.

Even before the first World War the Rolls was selling well to the nabobs of America, and the directors of the company looked with new eyes upon the Colonies. In 1919 Rolls decided to expedite the delivery of cars to the States by setting up a Rolls-Royce of America, Inc., in Springfield, Massachusetts. But customers did not buy. They wanted the real thing imported from England. After a few years, the Rolls invaders returned home.

A good share of Manhattan's wealthy crowd own, or have owned, a Rolls-Royce. In Hollywood, Douglas Fairbanks Senior was one of the first owners. Before the war, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Warner and Joe Schenck all owned Rolls-Royces.

Among the most fabulous Rolls-Royces ever purchased by an American were the two that William Randolph Hearst, the magazine and newspaper proprietor, bought in Paris to join his Rembrandts, zebras, Egyptian mummies, private three-coach railway train and million-dollar swimming pool at his ranch at San Simeon, California.

In the rear of each car was a duplicate dashboard inlaid in walnut, several built-in vacuum bottles, gold vanity cases filled with compacts and combs, a tiny roll-top wooden desk, a miniature table to be pulled out at mealtime, and a portable bar.

The Indian Who Collects Them

The most impressive Rolls owner in India is the seventh Nizam of Hyderabad. The Nizam has fifty Rolls-Royces.

One chassis is fitted with a special body for State drives. It is made of solid silver. The top of the car consists of a domed roof. The interior is decorated with old-gold brocade upholstery and lace curtains. It is probably the most expensive four-wheeled vehicle on earth.

A good share of India's remaining 560-odd princes have Rolls-Royces tailored to their own eccentricities. The greatest quantity purchaser is the thirty-four year old Maharaja of Patiala, who recently bought thirty-five new Rolls-Royces. Most are furnished with hand-made Swiss clocks, built-in medicine chests, gold-plated dashboards, seats upholstered in costly broadcloths and floors covered with beaver rugs.

A paramount factor behind the success of the

xceptional. Standard models, like the one on right, look much the same to the layman as they did years ago—*John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp*

Rolls has been its carefully nursed exclusiveness—snob appeal, to use more blunt language. From the very beginning the founders of Rolls-Royce seem to have realized that, since almost anybody making a good livelihood could afford an attractive mass-produced car, there must be a yearning among the landed gentry for exotic and exclusive vehicles.

Towards this end, only 22,800 Rolls-Royces were produced between 1904 and 1939. Today, a mere twenty Rolls-Royces are made a week.

One Must Draw a Line Somewhere

The prohibitively high price set on the car gives it further snob appeal. Of the four standard models of Rolls-Royce made today, the cheapest, tax included, is £5,585 19s., and the costliest £6,068 3s. 4d. (The special bodies and fancy gadgets are, of course, extra.) Obviously, the restrictive price keeps out undesirable elements—like people who haven't made their first million.

Another factor in the car's appeal is its irresistible luxury. The standard Rolls-Royce, a six-cylinder car which holds seven passengers, eighteen gallons of petrol and has four gears plus reverse, is built with an aluminium body instead of steel to prevent paint trouble or rust, and is "tropicalized" to prevent fungus growth or deterioration in damp weather.

Among its standard items of equipment are such accessories as a warning light on the dashboard which signals when petrol is low and hydraulic lifting jacks on the sides operated by a power pump beneath the bonnet.

These things may be had at the regular price, but the real promise of luxury is in the following line in the Rolls-Royce catalogue: "Quotations can be supplied for bodies of other designs to suit customers' special requirements." Most Rolls buyers have "special requirements" and no objections to added costs.

One Englishwoman had the rear of her Rolls fitted with concealed washstand, chamber pot and cupboard, and blinds that could be pulled down. One Indian prince had his steering wheel made out of two tusks of ivory he sent from India, and another had an electrically operated scent spray constructed beside the rear seat.

But, for all these baubles, the Rolls is probably the most conservative car on the market. It has never submitted to streamlining. The shape of the radiator remains today exactly what it was in 1904, apart from one recent exception.

The silver lady mascot, the radiator cap, is another bait to lovers of tradition. She is more than thirty years old. There is the story that she is made of pure silver and worth considerable money. The silver lady is made of chromium and nickel plating, no more, and her value is purely sentimental.

With its beautifully balanced, precision-made mechanism, the Rolls-Royce is a very durable car, and the fact that models change little in appearance enables the owner of a fifteen-year-old Rolls to feel quite in style. Rolls-Royce was able to keep one unchanged model, the Silver Ghost, in production for nineteen years, longer than any other car in history (including the original Model T Ford, which was in production for eighteen years).

One final factor in its popularity is the unique three-year guarantee which accompanies each new car. If anything goes wrong in the first three years, repairs or replacements are made entirely free of charge.

The directors say they can make this guarantee because of the high quality of their 10,000 workmen. As Sir Henry Royce once said, "It's impossible for us to make a bad car — because the doorman wouldn't let it out."

Rolls-Royce, Limited, has small service depots in Brussels, Rome, Zurich, Oslo, Lisbon, Copenhagen, New York, Bombay and, "in season only," at Cannes and Biarritz.

To prepare for work in these depots, boys go into apprenticeship at fifteen, become specialists at twenty-one, and are then shipped for duty to some corner of the world. The technical heads of depots are required to visit Derby and Crewe periodically, to keep in touch.

The firm makes money. Anyone fortunate enough to have invested £5,600 in Rolls stock over forty years ago would today have £50,000. But this is still a drop in the ocean compared with profits realized by less conservative companies.

Car Doctors with a Rolls-Royce Manner

There is a school of instruction, more than twenty years old, in London, for owners, their families, and their chauffeurs. Any Rolls driver may attend, for twelve days, the lectures on correct lubrication and maintenance, and lab. demonstrations of the chassis. Upon completion of the course, the owner or chauffeur is rewarded with a sterling-silver badge.

During the three-year guarantee period, a Rolls-Royce representative annually calls upon the new owner. "Good day, your Grace," the caller will begin, in effect, "and how are the pheasants this fine morning?" After an hour discussing the anatomy of pheasant, the terrors of the local golf club, the scandalous conduct of the Government and the prospects at Aintree, the inspector will tactfully inquire as to the health of the car.

Usually, he will extract an immaculate set of overalls from his suitcase, pull them on, crawl under the car and examine it, then take the owner for a spin and quietly point out how the car is being mishandled or neglected.

Every executive and department head, no matter how important or unimportant, calls every other one by his initials. This was begun more than two and a half decades ago, when many members of the firm were knighted and were too embarrassed to have their old co-workers call them "Sir."

The general works manager at Derby, Ernest Hives, who started as a test driver and is now more directly responsible for producing the car than any other executive, is known as "E.H." but the man who really guides the company is "R."—Sir Henry Royce—dead fourteen years, but still the boss.

Would Henry Royce Have Done It?

Several months ago, draughtsmen in the experimental department held a critical meeting. They were debating a technical change, a new radical innovation in the postwar Rolls-Royce. The majority favoured the change, but the minority refused to give in and there was a stalemate.

Finally, one dissenting draughtsman rose and said: "Most of you favour the change, but the important thing is—would Henry Royce have done it?" After a few moments, each man agreed that Henry Royce would not have done it, and the innovation was unanimously dropped.

Royce was a powerful personality, brilliant and dogmatic, and most of the executives who run the firm today are his disciples. Through them, the impact of his personality is still felt. Another factor which enables Royce to rule the company from beyond the grave is "the bible."

Before the first World War, Royce suffered a severe breakdown from overwork. He was given three months to live. He survived for twenty years more, but he never again went within a hundred miles of the Rolls-Royce works.

He lived in a villa in Southern France, surrounded by a permanent staff of three designers and two secretaries. He ran the factory by correspondence, accurately remembering and discussing even the position of various machines. In 1915, after Royce had submitted a flood of letters on his first aeroplane engine, the directors reverently collected all his correspondence and printed it in a blue leather-bound 301-page book.

Only six copies of the book were issued, each

A foul—and Jack Barrick's whistle blows instantly (he keeps it in his mouth). Barrick has no false modesty

The man who will go on to the field at Wembley with three watches, two whistles and a flair for getting his own way

Cup Final REFEREE

by STANLEY RUSSELL

SUPPORTERS OF BLACKPOOL and Manchester United may not agree, but the most important man of all the twenty-five taking part in the F.A. Cup Final next week is one who finished playing before some of the others were born—the referee, Jack Barrick, of Northampton, who will be forty-eight in July.

Barrick is unlikely to be affected by Wembley nerves. He has had so much experience of big events and possesses such faith in himself that he is immune to big-match atmosphere.

Barrick is a good referee and knows it. More important, so do the game's authorities. And there is confirmation when people on the terraces occasionally nudge each other and comment on the way he keeps up with the moves and the promptness of his decisions.

A poor referee, a timid or nervous referee, is a menace to soccer. Players get out of hand and the crowd finds more enjoyment in baiting the referee than in admiring the finer points of the play.

To a stranger, Barrick at first appears diffident and hesitant, his speech stiff as though from disuse—as well it might be, for in the frigid, lonely circle in which he exercises his refereeing diplomacy the words in most common currency are "No" and "Goal." In fact, his apparent unwillingness to make conversation is due to his habitual caution and preparedness.

He goes into a match ready for any emergency, with three watches, two whistles, two pencils for his notebook, and even a spare pair of boots left in the dressing-room—a ration of equipment well in excess of the minimum required.

Off the field, once the ice has been broken, the words flow and the stranger is able to form impressions of Barrick as a man. The picture is clearly of one who knows his own mind and suffers from no inhibitions imposed by false modesty.

Once Barrick has warmed to his subject, he forgets nothing in the story of his climb from the obscurity of a farm labourer's cottage to his eminence in local affairs at Northampton and renown in the soccer world.

Because of his parents' poverty, the "brightest boy in the village school" sacrificed the chance of a better education and brought home sixpence a day as a thirteen-year-old farm worker. Later he took a job with a firm of contractors, but resigned rather than transfer to an executive post that would have meant leaving his wife, who was expecting the birth of their son.

In public affairs Barrick's record includes being vice-chairman of Brafield Parish Council, secretary-treasurer and trustee of a local charity and past president of his Co-operative society. After this, the stranger may be rather surprised to find that in working hours he is a finisher at a boot factory. Probably his administrative talents could have won him a higher-sounding status, but this one has its compensations in that sympathetic employers allow him all the time he needs for transition from the workroom to the more spacious atmosphere of the international soccer field.

The Things He Was Called

On the Continent, where referees are as flamboyant and theatrical as the players, Barrick's sober demeanour has made him a favourite. After a match in San Lorenzo last year one writer was moved to reach for the dictionary, and used such words as "energetic," "thoughtful," "suave," "discreet," "jovial," "modest," "prudent," "authoritative"—words that no British crowd has even been known to apply to any referee.

Barrick takes fulsome praise like this in his stride. He places more reliance in the secret reports of the clubs on the way he controls their matches, for it is on those reports to headquarters that a referee's rate of promotion depends.

It is twenty-two years since he refereed his first match on Northampton Racecourse (fee 1s. 6d., less bus fares), and if it seems that there is a long passage of time connecting Northampton with Wembley, the answer is that it is almost the shortest cut on record.

Starting from scratch, Barrick reached the Football League list of linesmen in only six years, and, though it was a further eight before he was officially recognized as a League referee, he had often been invited in the intervening years to take charge of a match.

When he is refereeing his quietest actions speak louder than any words. If he is overruling an appeal by players (or the crowd), a wave of the hand is enough to keep the ball rolling. There is no fuss and apparently no lingering sense of injustice.

If an offence is committed the whistle blows instantly (to save time he pops it into his mouth while running). If he has to reprimand a player the caution is given quietly, without dramatic posing or making the offender march up to him like a disobedient schoolboy about to receive a caning.

The irony of a referee's life is that he is regarded as successful only if he is neglected. A hundred thousand people may see him walk on to the field holding the ball, watch him shake hands with the captains and supervise the kick-off. After that they prefer to see and hear no more of him until half-time and the finish. If they do, it means there's trouble of some kind.

Prefers the Gold Medal

Yet, for all the power he wields during a match, perhaps with influence on a championship or relegation, victory or defeat in a cup tie, and inevitably a bonus for one of the teams, a referee is paid only a part-time fee. League games bring four guineas and expenses. The Cup Final means nothing to Barrick financially as he has chosen a gold medal instead of the ten guineas alternative.

Jack Barrick must have controlled something like 750 games, and his record dispels any impression that a referee's chief function is to order off players who transgress the rules. He has used his powers of banishment in only two matches. The first was a wartime fixture, Northampton Town *v.* Coventry City, when he sent off a man from each side. The second was last October, when he reached the summit of any referee's ambitions in that direction by ordering off every one of the twenty-two players in the Eire *v.* Spain international.

According to his stopwatch, there were six minutes, twenty-three seconds of the first half still to be played when the tightly packed crowd overflowed on to the pitch. Barrick stopped the game, sent the teams to the dressing-room, and made a short speech in which he said he was determined to continue play and would the spectators please leave the field.

His eloquence was such that after twenty-one minutes he was able to go to the teams, point at his stopwatch, and say: "In ten seconds I shall order you on to the field." Barrick is convinced that he saved the match and prevented a disorderly situation with which no referee would have been able to cope.

Decisions like that have to be made quickly, and though there might be every excuse for an error there would be no allowances for it. In the stress of the moment a mistake is easy to make but almost impossible to rectify.

Barrick cannot remember any deed of his that called for rectification, but modestly admits that once, in his junior days, he forgot to set one of his three watches at the start of the second half.

Obviously he remembers his minor lapses as vividly as his major triumphs.

Continued from previous page

stamped "strictly private and confidential." These copies were given to the heads of the designing and engineering staffs as reference volumes. Today, under lock and key, this book is called "the bible," and Rolls executives say, "It is one of the most secret engineering documents in the world."

Frederick Henry Royce, the son of a miller, was born in 1863. After only one year of schooling, he worked as a newsboy, telegraph boy, railway apprentice, toolmaker, electricity tester, until, at the age of twenty-one, he invented an improved dynamo, made money and married. In his prosperity, he bought a French car, took it apart, found its faults and decided to build a better car.

On April Fools' Day, 1904, he tested his first handmade car. He drove it fifteen miles from his workshop in Manchester to his home, followed by another car in case it broke down. It didn't break down, and thus the first Rolls-Royce was born.

That same year, Royce was introduced to a young man named Charles Rolls, third son of a wealthy baron.

Rolls, a daredevil balloonist, cyclist and racing motorist, had joined with a friend named Claude Johnson to open one of London's largest car salerooms. Rolls and Johnson sold Panhards and Minervas, but when they drove in Royce's new car they were won over. In March, 1906, Rolls-Royce, Limited, was formed.

In 1910, after being taken up for his first aeroplane flight by Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, Charles Rolls forgot about the new car he was backing, bought a Wright Brothers plane for himself, and in July of that year, at the age of thirty-three, was killed trying to pull out of a steep glide.

In the early twenties, Claude Johnson died. And so Henry Royce, surviving his own illness, ran the growing company himself by post from France.

Perfect Touch

Royce was a fantastic character. He was an engineer with no knowledge of mathematics. "I never use a slide-rule," he said. "I can do simple arithmetic." His touch was near-perfect. Purely by feel, he once filed a brass hub-cap into an exact-fitting hexagon.

He hated waste. Once, observing a workman awkwardly sweeping a shop floor, he yanked off his coat, grabbed the broom and demonstrated how to use it properly. He abhorred golf and tennis because they were non-productive pastimes, and insisted upon gardening instead. When he died, in 1933, he left the surprisingly small sum of £90,000.

As a result of his death, one change was made in the Rolls-Royce car. The front name-plate, a small metal plaque on the radiator, had always been made in silver with the RR in red. The year of Royce's death, the RR was changed from red to mourning black. It has remained black to this day.

Today, the aeroplane engine, the first of which Royce finished in 1915, rather than the car, brings the company its greatest amount of revenue. The aeroplane engines are now made at the Derby and Glasgow plants; only the Crewe factory makes cars.

But while the aeroplane engine brings in the big money, the men of Rolls-Royce spend most of their time coddling the car.

It is their first love.

FREE SPEECH

★ The Civil Service: It's Baffling
★ The War Office: It's Cheese-paring
★ The Daily Loaf: It Could Be Cleaner

APPLYING FOR A JOB in a Government department, I soon found myself negotiating with no less than three separate offices, filling in the same fatuous forms for them all.

The very morning that I was summoned to London for an interview, a letter was on its way to me from one of the other two offices saying that my application had been unsuccessful. Yet the interviewer knew nothing of this, and neither did I until I got home.—DEREK MAGGS, 287 St. Richard's Road, Deal, Kent.

Not Fair on P.o.w.

TWO YEARS AGO, a German prisoner of war came to me. He was later offered civilian status from the date fixed for his repatriation (July, 1947).

I applied three times to Carmarthen for the necessary forms. They did not arrive until the end of September.

Now, the authorities are claiming his wages for those two months, July to September, despite the fact that his repatriation date was July. They are making him pay for their own delay in sending the forms. — D. T. MORRIS, Pontyporthman, Llandyseal, Cardiganshire.

Pally With Bobbies

JUVENILE CRIME IS on the increase—but not in Swansea. Here, it is practically non-existent. One reason is our boys' club started by the police.

Many of the boys formerly looked on policemen as their natural enemies. Today they look on them as friends.

The business of a police force is to prevent as well as to detect crime, and Swansea is certainly showing the way.

I am now sixty-three and pensioned from the force.—ALFRED NEWELL, 32 Theobald Road, Cardiff.

Bread is Unhygienic

EVERY TIME I VISIT the baker's, I wonder why it is that bread comes to us unwrapped. Cake, biscuits and wrapped sweets are given a bag; even oranges are sold in paper wrappers. But bread, our staple diet, is left exposed to all the dirt of our germ-laden atmosphere.

Fruit and vegetables can be peeled before consumption, but nobody wants to "peel" bread. So what about it, bakers: let's have some wrapping for our loaves.—MRS. R. M. CUTLER, Withernsea, Yorks. (Full address enclosed.)

Housewife Finds a Way

NOW THAT CURTAINS are so difficult to obtain, I wonder how many housewives realize the value of cotton for crocheting or knitting curtains.

I have crocheted twelve panels for my front windows. The materials cost 1s. 10d. per 4-oz. hank, and the completed curtains cost me only 25s. 8d. I am now making a second set.—MRS. L. PIGGOTT, 130 Camrose Avenue, Edgware, Middlesex.

Rubbish on Wheels

STUMBLING UP the garden path the other evening with a heavy dustbin which we have to leave outside the gate to be emptied by the dustman, I wondered why someone hasn't invented a dustbin on wheels.

Mrs. J. K. Sibbit

Thousands of people up and down the country must go through this back-breaking procedure of carrying out the dustbin every week.—MRS. J. K. SIBBIT, 61 Quarry Road, Headington, Oxford.

The Answer's a Macleman

THERE WAS A MISSTATEMENT in the letter from J. Pirie referring to this village being populated almost exclusively by two families, the Patiences and the "McLemons" (JOHN BULL, March 6).

The latter name should read Macleman. The founders of this line in Avoch were two house-stewards at Drummond Castle called Lemon who came from Cornwall. They later changed the name to Macleman.—D. J. PATIENCE, 12 Margaret Street, Avoch, Ross-shire.

Post Office Checks Crooks

RICHARD CONROY ASKS why Savings Bank withdrawal forms are not available on post office counters (JOHN BULL, March 29). The answer is: To prevent fraud.

With forms freely distributed on counters, it would be easy for a dishonest person who had obtained someone else's bank book to take a withdrawal form, and copy the signature at his leisure.

As it is, a depositer must first hand in his book before being given a withdrawal form.—EDWARD JONES, Ivy Cot, North Petherton, Bridgwater, Somerset.

Fruit is wrapped, bread isn't. Wrong way round, says a Yorkshire reader

Can't get curtains? Take a tip from Mrs. L. Piggott and crochet your own. She is seen here with "home work"

Sane—But Can't Go Home

THE LETTER FROM A MAN who had been detained in a mental hospital for six years because his wife refused to sign for his release (JOHN BULL, March 20) was of great interest.

My son was suffering from nervous debility and was sent to the Royal Asylum, Aberdeen. He was later transferred to another mental hospital, where he has been for a year.

He is now recovered, and the attendants say he is quite normal. But, although I have signed for his release three times, the hospital officials will not let him leave. — FATHER, Mansefield Place, Aberdeen. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Relatives "Forget" Mentals

WHILE RECOVERING FROM A nervous breakdown in a mental hospital, I met quite a few sane people doing the heavy work. They received no wages but their keep.

I was informed that many of them could have had their freedom years ago, but there was nobody to sign for them. It is a horrible thought that hundreds of these people now sane are doomed to life imprisonment in institutions.

Too many ignorant people consider mental illness a disgrace and are only too anxious to "forget" relatives who have suffered from it. Sane people should be released, irrespective of a relative's signature. Welfare officers could call on them occasionally if the authorities had any misgivings.—MRS. F. M., Rugby. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Publicity Can Help

JOHN BULL IS TO BE congratulated on publicising the cause of mental patients. I hope the "Free Speech" letters will help to bring about the release of people who are inhumanly incarcerated in mental hospitals.—MRS. B. WILD, 66 Rosehill Road, Burnley, Lancs.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication

P.S. *On the Russians*

What exactly is Stalin after? Discussing this question in a JOHN BULL *article (March 27), Matthew Halton concluded: "The only hope is a united Western world with a standard of prosperity and happiness that would destroy the very basis of Communism and with a strength that would prevent aggression." Here are some readers' postscripts on the subject.*

WHAT ATTEMPT has been made to break down the "Iron Curtain" except by wild accusations and one-sided discussions? It is only fear which keeps that curtain down. The way to dispel fear is for the Russians and us to show each other that we are not bogy-men. All of us realize that Communism isn't all it ought to be, but democracy also is not flawless.—*Freethinker, H.M.S. "Sirius."* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

OUR "WAIT AND SEE" attitude towards Russia is cultivating a dangerous apathy. The desire for information, however, is not altogether one-sided. Through her peep-hole Russia sees only America's "Uranium Curtain." But Russia is realistic, and will trade grain for nuts and bolts. Would she not also trade secret for secret? That's the only way peace can be assured.—*Joseph G. Berry, 46a Coldharbour Lane, Hayes, Middlesex.*

PEACE ISN'T SOMETHING separate and apart from ourselves. It must first spring from the inside, and no matter how much we, as a nation, declare our desire for it to the world, we won't get it until we prove our words by our actions. Hundreds of thousands of us are still engaged in making weapons of war, which we are selling to foreign powers. This isn't the way to build peace.—*John Trickett, 23 Goyt Road, Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire.*

I AM NO PACIFIST, neither am I in favour of sabre-rattling. I believe Stalin's recent behaviour is merely a determined attempt to assure his people that future aggression will not be tolerated. It needs a personal meeting between some strong British personality and Stalin himself to come to a common understanding.—*H. S. Davidson, 2a Essenden Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.*

WITH THOUSANDS of others I gave my blood for shipment to Russia in 1942. Now, after only six years we are being told how bad the Russians are. This political shifting makes a mockery of human relations. — *Mrs. K. Bunting, Highfields, Clones Hill, Morley, near Derby.*

TALKING ABOUT WHAT Stalin will do next will get us nowhere. We have got to get back to collective security and arm ourselves to the teeth with every modern method of warfare. We're dealing with gangsters, and must show them that there are enough of us and that we are strong enough to stop them.—*Elspeth Stewart, 53 Corsehill Road, Streatham, S.W.16.*

PEACE CAN BE MAINTAINED in the world, but not as Matthew Halton says, by great statesmanship. The "great statesmen" have let us in for too many wars already. It is the common people who must do the fighting, and it is the common people who must now refuse to fight each other.—*C. G. Martin, 49 Plummers Hill, St. George's, Bristol.*

WITH MY FEET UP

The New Talk

A CIVIL SERVICE publication tells employees how to talk and write in a language which ordinary people (that bloke over there, for instance) can understand. It aims to simplify Civil Service English.

I have often wondered how civil servants surmount the language difficulty when they come into direct contact with the great big world outside. Or, as happened to Maisie Woodknot recently, what happens when outsiders first get inside.

Maisie got a job as a typist in the Ministry of Something-or-Other. In her first two days she proved herself so efficient at losing things in the files that she was at once promoted.

* * *

That is how, although only a newcomer, she met Roderick Panhandle, a long established member of the established staff. Maisie's freshness bowled Roderick over, and he was soon hopelessly in love. At last he could wait to speak no longer. He summoned her and cleared his throat.

"Miss Woodknot, sir or madam," he began. "Since you were seconded to this department from Third Floor Filing Section (Full Time) Female on sixteen-two-forty-eight, I have, er, I have. . . ."

"Yes?" she queried helpfully, sensing the passion in his voice.

"You answer tersely," he said. "There can be no romance in a monosyllable."

"But I'm ever so romantic, Mr. Panhandle," said Maisie.

* * *

"Quite so. Miss, er, Maisie, have you perchance ever had nocturnal visions of a small house, villa, cottage, prefabricated hutment, dwelling or place of residence in which a number of persons not exceeding two of opposite sexes might live together for the remaining portion of their normal expectation of life?"

"Yes, Mr. Panhandle."

"Then, Maisie, will you enter into contractual obligations with me having due regard, of course, to the regulations concerning marriage of established officers as set out in Established Officers (Marriage) Regulations, Page 3618, Para. 341, Sub-section 17A(d)?"

* * *

"Do you mean you *love* me?"

"Well, er, hrrrm! That is referring to the matter under consideration with some crudeness."

"Mr Panhandle, please, before we get married, could you read the book on Civil Service English, so I could understand you easier?"

"Maisie, you amaze me! I had hoped that *you* would read it so that you could learn to avoid your present regrettable simplicity of speech."

by Ian Fox

MAKING Ends Meet

It's a problem which faces many housewives. Quoting a specimen budget, KAY SMALLSHAW tells how wise buying and clever cooking can make it go further

DURING AN AFTER-DINNER discussion on Sir Stafford Cripps's latest Budget, my young sister-in-law (whose husband is an accountant) said to me: "Do you think a *household* budget is necessary? Tom has worked out a most elaborate one, but all it seems to do is to stop me getting something I want just when I want it. I think it's better just to spend as you go and trust to luck."

Jean is an excellent manager and certainly wouldn't run into debt. All the same, money saved by her husband's insistence on sticking to a budget will make Jean's ideal holiday possible this year.

The secret of successful household budgeting is not making the money go further, but ensuring that you get the maximum satisfaction out of spending it.

With pay envelope in hand, it's easy to feel better off than you are. You allow for the big *regular* items but it's the unexpected cost of David's bout of measles, or of reupholstering the easy chair which suddenly "went," that throws out the reckoning. Paying for such things puts you behind—and bang goes that balance you'd saved for something you really want.

Jot Them Down

If once a year—oftener if it helps—you jot down all items due for payment, and then set aside the rest of your money to cover probable expenses, you will know where you stand.

By planning beforehand you can decide whether you'd rather have ten cigarettes a day or a meal out and a cinema once a week; whether a yearly holiday is worth more than regular visits to the theatre; whether a fortnightly session at the hairdresser's is a better proposition than an extra ten shillings a month saved towards the cost of a washing machine.

All this pleasant speculation as to what luxury you should allow yourself takes for granted that you can make your income cover necessities. Sometimes that takes a bit of managing, especially when you're new to it.

Doesn't Work Out

For example, I had a letter from a recently married reader. She was worried because her household expenditure far exceeded her estimation of it. "I was told," she wrote, "that 16s. a week per head was a fair average for food. My husband buys his own lunches. So I reckoned that, if I allowed two guineas weekly (including cleaning materials and odd items) it ought to be enough.

"Week after week, however, I'm lucky if I get through with £2 10s. My husband pays the quarterly bills, which include rent, rates, gas, electric light, coal and insurance.

"I get £12 12s. a month, which is meant to include my personal clothing allowance. Yet, when it's a five-week month—I'm sunk."

Home-bottled fruits are one answer to question: "What items can I save on?"

This woman gives her average week's expenditure: Baker, 2s. 4d.; butcher, 4s.; grocer, 15s.; greengrocer, 9s.; fishmonger, 7s. 6d.; laundry, 3s. 6d.; cleaning and shoe repairs, 2s.; milk, 2s. 4d.; papers, 1s. 9d.; chemist, 3s. 6d. Total, £2 10s. 11d.

In addition, she notes the monthly sweet ration, the usual shopping fares, oddments such as darning wool, gas-lighter flints or a dish-swab which together bump up the total by several shillings.

"I usually go to the pictures once a week with a girl friend; smoke about five cigarettes a day, which is half what I used to. I wash and set my own hair and haven't bought a bunch of flowers for ages.

"How I shall manage when I have to buy some clothes I just don't know. Can you tell me where I can economize?"

Other people's luxuries are their own affair. In due course, my correspondent will weigh in her mind the advantages of the cinema as against cigarettes, and of both against a new coat. I was more concerned to see whether I could offer any help in the actual housekeeping.

The baker's bill seems modest enough. She might save a few pence by making everything at home, but with only two ration books the supply situation is sometimes too stringent. The meat bill is all too small anyway, these days, but what about the grocer's?

As I suspected—when I wrote for a detailed account of what she buys—she is a little heavy on canned goods. I've given her recipes for savoury spaghetti and mock rice dishes which may help a little here. I suggested economizing on preserves by making her own marmalade now and, later on, jam.

She should be able to save still further if she bottles her own fruit and tomatoes this summer. With lemons more plentiful she could make fresh lemon squash and dispense with the fortnightly bottle of soft drink concentrate.

No Waste in Roes

Fish twice in the evening and twice for breakfast accounts for 7s. 6d. Disliking kippers they have smoked fillet at 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. per lb. for breakfast.

When available, quick-frozen roes at 1s. per lb.—and no waste—are a good proposition. Otherwise, fish cakes are a standby. Since they are half potato, they make any fish go a long way. Also, they can be prepared overnight, which is a real advantage.

For main dishes, the plaice and occasional halibut or lemon sole will have to go, I'm afraid. Cod, hake or haddock cutlets or fillet can be delicious, steamed and dolled up with cheese or mock tartare sauce. Baked with savoury or curried stuffing they're good, too.

And of course there's always herring, which, boned and grilled, makes a first-rate meal.

When there is citrus fruit about, which gives such a welcome lift to the diet, it's hard to cut down on the greengrocer's bill.

Shop Around

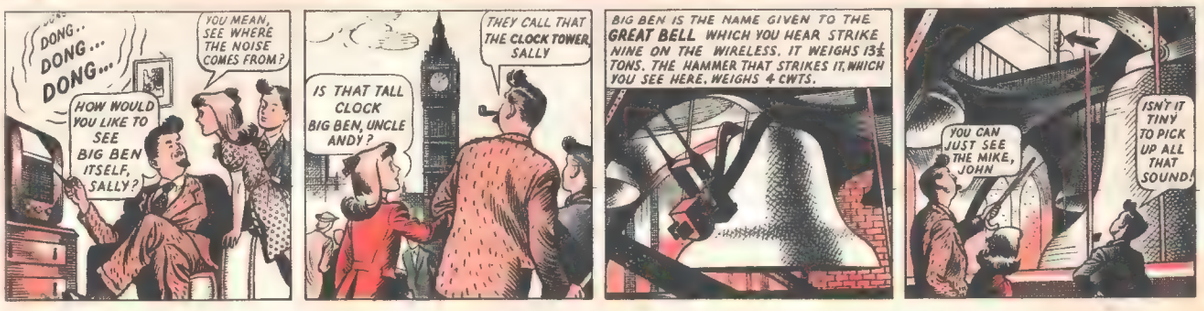
There is often a fairly substantial difference in prices in the same town, so it pays to "shop around." In other districts, if you can contact a small greengrocer who calls with local produce you do better. Of course, the ideal way is to persuade your husband to get an allotment if one is available.

The chemist's bill seems a bit high, but with toothpaste and shampoo, toilet soap and occasional aspirin or medicine, it soon mounts up. I can't see where much can be pared off elsewhere, though by sending out bed linen only, a saving could be made on the laundry.

Readers may have other suggestions for saving on household expenses. JOHN BULL *welcomes letters on the subject.*

Uncle Andy takes the Twins to Westminster to interview a radio regular. Next week they're off to the country. It's going to be a special sort of excursion

UNCLE ANDY


DONG.. DONG.. DONG...
YOU MEAN, SEE WHERE THE NOISE COMES FROM?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE BIG BEN ITSELF, SALLY?
IS THAT TALL CLOCK BIG BEN, UNCLE ANDY?
THEY CALL THAT THE CLOCK TOWER, SALLY
BIG BEN IS THE NAME GIVEN TO THE GREAT BELL WHICH YOU HEAR STRIKE NINE ON THE WIRELESS. IT WEIGHS 13¼ TONS. THE HAMMER THAT STRIKES IT, WHICH YOU SEE HERE, WEIGHS 4 CWTS.
YOU CAN JUST SEE THE MIKE, JOHN
ISN'T IT TINY TO PICK UP ALL THAT SOUND!

THE SHEARER

Just a little machine that you could quite easily carry on a bicycle. Yet it turned one man's world completely topsy-turvy

by **CLEDWYN HUGHES**

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

"You haven't the knack," the lad said, taking over the sheep and clippers and sending old Davie to the handle

OLD DAVIE REMEMBERED the time when the wool alone had paid the rent on Mynedd Farm. He and Tom the Waggoner taking down the neat, tight rolls of the fleeces in the two-wheeled cart to town.

Coming and going for half a week, storing the wool in the barn at the back of the "Cross Keys." There where on the last Thursday in the month the merchant came. Pushing his hand deep into the heart of a fleece and bringing out a sample of the wool clipped between his thumb and finger nail. Feeling it and tearing it apart and holding it close to his eyes in the light.

His men weighing the wool and the clerk keeping count. The money paid in cash and the rent made.

Davie was the bailiff on Mynedd Farm. Looking after the sheep in particular, for that was the main work. The cows kept only for the butter and the milk left spare used for rearing calves. Two horses only kept, and though Tom was known as the Waggoner, yet he also looked after the cows, with Alf, the lad, to help him.

For Mynedd was a farm in the hills. Too far for the milk lorries to call, and besides there was only a little cattle pasture. And there was always the worry of the land for hay. Ploughing, too, now. All the officials coming and making tests on the soil of the hillside. Taking it away in little glass tubes and in the end saying that it was fit to be ploughed, to be sown.

They had sent tractors specially to do the job and had sown the barley. And Miss Jenkins, who owned Mynedd, and lived like a gentry woman in the best sunny front rooms, had sent for Davie and he had had to explain it all to her. How now, with things as they were, ploughing was important.

Davie holding his cap by the soiled lining, and standing just off the carpet on the boards where long ago she had told him always to stand.

Miss Jenkins in her black dress by the window, holding the white crochet hook, her fingers flying.

"I see, Davie, so that is it. And do you think that barley will grow up there on that steep side?"

"Not I, Miss, not I. The sun will come and scorch it away before it has a chance to reach a height."

"I see."

Davie was about to turn and go when she called him back. Her hands quiet now and she looking out through the window. Across the tiny lawn and the untidy rose garden to the sides of the mountain. Green and ending at the top in grey-blue rock.

"About the wool, Davie."

"Wool, Miss?"

"Yes, this year's shearing, Davie. I feel that the time has come for us to buy a machine."

"One of *those*, Miss? One of those of all things, with a handle to turn?"

"Exactly that, Davie, with a handle to turn. I feel that the time has come for us to give up the hand shearing."

Moving the fingers of his one hand as if working some shears, he answered:

"But always like this we have done the shearing. Besides, the sheep are used to me, Miss. They will miss the clip of the shears. The noise of this new thing will surely frighten them."

"You think so, Davie? But I don't really feel that. See now, we are having grain sown on the side of the hill, a place where it has never been before. That's the modern way. So we, too, must shear in the proper way."

"If you say so, Miss Jenkins."

"That will be it then. When next you go to town I will give you a letter to take to the ironmongers."

Davie backed out of the drawing-room, knowing then that the clip-clip of shearing shears had gone from Mynedd Farm. That now it would be all noise and buzz, oil and cogwheels. And he had heard, too, that the thing made dreadful cuts on the sheep. Nipping out the skin inches at a time.

DAVIE went to town and brought the shearing machine back to Mynedd on his bicycle. Laid straight across it, the three-legged base over the handlebars and the handle over the side of the seat. The rest of the things in a cardboard box tied to the carrier. Like that he came up the lane, balancing the bicycle and thinking what an awkward thing this was. How it was possible to carry a shears snug in an inside hare pocket. A big cork over the sharp points and the blades smeared with a little grease to keep the rust away. And not needing a whole bicycle to transport it.

The first day of the shearing came. And the concrete yard outside the cowhouse was cleared and cleaned. And after that a bed of clean sacks laid on it. The shearing machine set up in one corner and Alf, who was to do the turning, standing by it. Tom the Waggoner, in the cowhouse, catching the sheep penned there. Ready to bring one in to old Davie, kneeling with the driving shaft between his knees, the clippers in his hand.

A strange original position for any man to hold such a thing. Tom the Waggoner astride a sheep and bringing it in, his hands deep in the fleece, saying so.

"Why, Davie, why do you crouch on the thing like that? 'Tis not an egg, man."

"Would you care to do better yourself, Tom the Waggoner?"

"Not I, not for all the tea in China. The horses are enough for me, without such a thing as that."

"Says on the box, Tom, that the end can be fitted to clip horses as well."

"Does it? Well, no such thing shall come near my mare."

"That is for the mistress to decide, Tom, and there will be no saying no if she says yes"—then turning to the lad: "Are you ready to turn, Alf?"

Alf nodded and on the instant put the weight of his arm on the handle of the machine.

With a whirr it started, Davie's wrist shaking with the vibration. He prodding at the fleece but not able to get a start. The lad turning fast and the flexible shaft swaying.

For a full five minutes Davie knelt there, the back of the sheep against his chest and he jabbing at the underside of the sheep with the fast-whirring clippers. Trying to get a start, but knowing in his heart that still he would be no better off. That never having seen one of these things worked ever before, there was no doing it straight away. And being the bailiff, there could be no asking for advice.

It was the lad who ended it all. A little titch of a lad. An evacuee from the war who had stayed on. And had come to Mynedd because Miss Jenkins had taken pity on him, seeing he was so happy in the village.

IT was this lad who brought all the matter to a climax. Turning the handle so fast as if hoping that all the vibration would spring Davie high into the air. But stopping suddenly, the noise of the machine dying away with a whine.

Davie turning round and calling:

"Why do you stop, Alf?"

"Well, it is not much use going on like this. We'll be here till the night on this one sheep."

Davie rose stiffly off his knees, holding his one hand down to the head of the sheep.

"Cheek learnt from the city, eh Alf? Why do you criticize?"

"Because I've never seen anyone trying to shear like you, boss."

"And why not?"

"You haven't the knack. It's different to your old way of snipping at the wool. This thing wants big, wide sweeps. Here, let me show you."

Alf the lad took over the sheep and the clippers. Sent old Davie to the handle. Then with long sweeps he opened up the underside wool. Carried on until one side was shorn white, with hardly a ridge left. Then, after that, turning the sheep over and doing the other side. The fleece soon all off, and then letting the sheep stand. A hard slap on its white back to send it trotting

across the yard. The lad jumping up nimbly.

"See?"

Without a word Davie came from the handle of the machine and folded up the fleece.

So for the first time in all the years at shearing time, Davie had just to catch the sheep. Just that and rolling up the fleeces was his job. Alf the lad doing the shearing. Quickly and fast and with hardly ever a cut.

Came the end of that year's shearing, and Davie cleaned the machine himself. Took it away to the house to store.

There in the house he met Miss Jenkins, coming through from the front with a tea-tray in her hand.

"It's all over then, Davie?"

"All over, Miss, quite finished and done with."

"And did you like it?"

"Oh, this?"—and he patted the machine—"oh, 'tis all right in its way."

"Quicker and quite as tidy I should say. The sheep look just as neat through the field glasses."

"Dare say so."

And then he had to tell her all, of how the lad had done the shearing and Tom the Waggoner had turned the handle.

She listened to him. Then going before him she led him through to the front of the house. And for the first time let him cross the carpet and sit opposite her in the sunny bay window. Then Miss Jenkins went away and made fresh tea. Gave him a cup and watched through the window as he drank in his clumsy way. When he had finished, taking the cup away from him and saying:

"Never mind, Davie, you can't stand for ever in the way of machines and things. But you were right about the barley. Have you seen it lately?"

No, he said. He hadn't, but he thought that the growth looked poor and short and that the field had hardly any colour at all. So she gave him the field glasses, and as he looked she said:

"See now, Davie, it is a failure."

"As I expected, Miss."

"Tell me now, would you like me to sell the shearing machine, for us to go back to the old way?"

He lowered the field glasses and laid them gently on the tiny, round table.

"No, Miss, not after all this time. I fear the sheep will have forgotten the old way and me. They will know now the smell of the lad and the noise of the machine. I shall keep it safe until next year. And it shall be Alf's job now, as long as he stays with us."

And so it was that young Alf became the most expert shearer for miles round. Winning all the competitions in the shows and challenging all in the county. Stripping sheep in a few minutes and hardly ever a cut or an unsightly ridge.

The day came when Mynedd Farm had a motor shearer and young Alf did all the work quickly, where once it had taken Davie the many days.

Alf Price, the Champion Shearer, they call him now. With his photograph in the local papers and on the posters. There is none to dispute him. But sometimes old Davie looks at his own strong right hand. Thinks how that alone stripped all the sheep with just a springy shears. Without power from turning cogs or beating motor.

Old Davie does not say a word, for he knows that most of them would not understand. And that even Miss Jenkins thinks it an honour for Mynedd Farm to have the Champion Shearer.

A JOURNEY AROUND MR. PHELPS

Continued from page 10

proud of you. We were—ah—wondering if you'd consider accepting a partnership. . . ."

To Grace Timmis, his secretary, who smiled with professional brightness: "Morning, Mr. Phelps," as he hung up his bowler and umbrella, Mr. Phelps was alternately a nervous tyrant, a bewildered little boy, and yet a remote being of dignity and experience.

He looked so regal when dictating a strong letter to the Sheffield branch office; so humble when telephoning the chairman of directors; so frustrated and childish when he couldn't find things on his desk.

Miss Timmis prided herself on knowing how to handle him. She wondered why he had ever married Mrs. Phelps. What did his wife know of the *real* Phelps, the heart and brain of Amalgamated Gadgets, Ltd.?

Sometimes, when things were slack and they were both relaxed, Miss Timmis would even confide her emotional problems to Mr. Phelps, who always listened sympathetically. His advice was invariably: "Don't throw yourself away on a young fellow whose character and position are unworthy of you, Grace." He probably guessed that the chief clerk had proposed to her.

Should she risk saying that her decision to marry or not to marry depended on her prospects in the firm? Dare she? She was twenty-nine now; once she'd passed thirty, only men of forty and over would want to marry her. Well, maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. A man of maturity and experience. A man—the thought often confronted her—a man like Mr. Phelps. Of course, it was impossible; but, after all, she *did* know how to handle him. . . .

To Malcolm McNutt, the chief clerk, who was thirty-four, Mr. Phelps was an unnecessary encumbrance to Amalgamated Gadgets, Ltd. He was conservative, vacillating, afraid of new ideas.

He, McNutt, could run the firm much better, if only he were given a break, and expand it, too. That export scheme he'd thought up. Why had Phelps refused to try it? Just because he was general manager he thought he could drift on in the same old way. Couldn't he realize that exceptional times required exceptional methods?

After all, it was he, McNutt, who kept the firm going. Unlike Mr. Phelps, he was indispensable. . . .

MR. PHELPS'S first visitor was Sir Frank Loudwater, of Loudwater Appliances. He arrived in great agitation. Only Miss Timmis overheard the interview.

To Sir Frank Loudwater, Mr. Phelps was the most ruthless and diabolically clever man in the business. You couldn't think of anything that Phelps hadn't already foreseen. It was becoming impossible to compete with him, and now at last Sir Frank's resistance was broken.

"All right, Phelps," he growled. "You win."

"I'm glad to hear that," Mr. Phelps smiled. He offered Sir Frank a cigar.

"I came to tell you that my firm is prepared to accept your scheme, on condition that we retain a controlling interest in our own processes, and that. . . ."

Sir Frank hobbled out twenty minutes later, a dejected figure. He was perhaps the only man on earth who hated and feared Mr. Phelps.

Miss Timmis lit a cigarette. She detested these scenes of commercial triumph. Of course, it was good to see her employer crushing his rivals, and business was business, but—it was somehow sickening. How could he do it? He looked such an inoffensive little man, did Mr. Phelps.

She said: "I was to remind you to telephone your mother."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Timmis. It's her birthday. She'd never forgive me if I forgot it."

That was a nice thing about Mr. Phelps; he was perfectly sweet to his widowed mother who lived with her sister in Hampstead. She overheard him arranging to have tea with Mrs. Phelps senior.

"And you've a date with the tailor at eleven thirty," Miss Timmis went on.

Salmson's, of Old Burlington Street, was only a stone's throw from Conduit Street, where Mr. Phelps had an account at the Kent and Surrey Bank, and Sackville Street, where his club was. He would kill three birds with one stone while he was in the West End. He went out into Cheapside and hailed a taxi.

To Mr. Mendel, head cutter of Salmson's, Mr. Phelps was an object of pity. Why did he choose such dull materials? Why was he so nervous of new styles? Why did he obstinately refuse to take advice on the cut of a suit?

It was absurd, a man of Mr. Phelps's figure insisting, at forty-five, on the same close-fitting double-breasted jackets he'd worn when he was twenty-five. As you grew older and filled out, you needed a more generous cut, single-breasted, caught together by a well-placed button.

But what was the use? Mr. Mendel had long ago dismissed Mr. Phelps as a self-conscious little man of little taste or imagination looking dubiously at himself in the mirrors that reflected every angle of him. . . .

To Mr. Coghill, manager of the Kent and Surrey Bank, Mr. Phelps was a sound proposition, a model client. Never been overdrawn in twenty years. Number one current account, number two deposit, one life and three endowment policies (for which Mr. Coghill had collected agent's commission), some sound investments and an illegible signature.

He would have lent Mr. Phelps ten thousand pounds without batting an eyelid.

To most of the members of his club, Mr. Phelps was a familiar but unknown figure who drank one glass of sherry at the bar, had lunch, took coffee in the reading-room, glanced at the tape machine, and left about two thirty.

His only acquaintances—members with whom he talked as distinct from those to whom he merely nodded—were Tarleton, Prynne and old Rigby. Very occasionally, when business was slack, he played a rubber of bridge with them.

To Tarleton, his doctor, Mr. Phelps was not only a shrewd bidder, but also a complex structure of bone, flesh, skin, blood, glandular secretions, cartilage, nerves, tendons, reflexes and vasomotor disturbances. He'd live to be sixty if he took care, though you never could tell with incipient duodenal ulcers.

He worried too much, that was Phelps's trouble. His rheumatism was nothing much—more exercise would cure that. There was, too, a slight bluish blotchiness about his cheekbones that might or might not mean blood pressure in a few years' time.

Prynne's view of Mr. Phelps was similar but simpler. He was responsible for Mr. Phelps's insurance. To him Mr. Phelps was a goodish risk, a first-class life.

To old Rigby, however, Mr. Phelps would never be older than eighteen. Indeed Rigby generally visualized him as

Continued on page 21

ISLAND STORY

A MODERN YOUNG MISS, smoking a cigarette, wearing trousers and with eton-cropped hair, got on our overcrowded bus. "I see there are no gentlemen to offer their seats these days," she remarked.

One man eyed her up and down. "Excuse me, miss," he said. "You're wearing trousers like a man; you've got your hair cut like a man, and you're smoking like a man. Now damned well stand up like a man!" —*Mrs. R. L. Churchill, 7 Kings Avenue, Stanmore, Winchester.*

★

ON SEEING SOME PALE pork sausages instead of the usual pinky beef sausages, my very young niece exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, they aren't ripe."—*Mrs. O. Bevan, 327 Long Beech, Stoney Cross, Lyndhurst, Hants.*

★

"HOW IS YOUR SON getting on in the Army, Mrs. R.?" I heard someone ask outside my surgery window.

"Oh, getting on well," came the reply. "He was in the 8th Devons when he joined. After only three months they've put him up to the 4th Devons."—*Roy Galsworthy, 46 Rolle Street, Exmouth.*

★

I WAS THE ONLY MALE in the long queue for liver, and service was slow. Becoming impatient, I walked to the shop entrance to investigate.

This caused a perky little woman to burst out with: "Cor lumme, a pregnant *man*! Look, he's going to the 'ead of the queue."—*A. Abbot, 9 Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.*

One guinea will be paid on publication for readers' *personal* experiences reflecting aspects of life in Britain today. Entries should be marked "Island Story."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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by TIM

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The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

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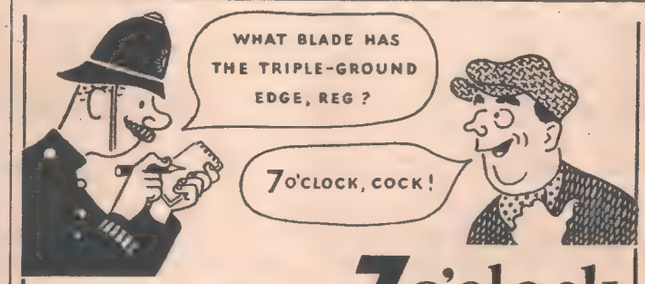

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HE DESERVES THE BEST!

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Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

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DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

It's having a Royal Enfield BICYCLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ that keeps me going!

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felt TO BE BETTER . .

It's what you don't feel that makes Brylshave the perfected shave. No razor scrape; no drag; no clog. You too will find Brylshave surprisingly comfortable—special ingredients leave the skin delightfully supple and refreshed. Well, try it! In jars and tubes 1/11d.

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MAKE YOUR COOKING EASIER

—VEL shifts oven grease overnight!

Get VEL from your SCOURINE dealer

Teeth cleaned *white* – mouth left *fresh by* COLGATE'S

has your hair the shining health that **bandbox** *gives?*

P.S. There's a **new** *Bandbox shampoo as well . . . it's a* **cream**, *specially for* **dry** *hair. Completely solves your problem*

Continued from page 18

fifteen and a half, a gangling youth with unbrushed hair and Marlborough trousers that bagged at the knees. For Rigby had been Mr. Phelps's housemaster at school.

Alone together, Rigby and Arthur Phelps always found themselves talking about the old school and what had become of Mr. Phelps's contemporaries. They had, after all, nothing else in common. Rigby was Arts and Classics; Arthur Phelps's scholastic talents, such as they were, had tended towards Science and Economics.

Rigby never failed to remind Mr. Phelps of a howler he had once made in Vergil, translating *arma virumque cano* as "the armed man and his dog."

To his mother, whom he visited, with a bunch of flowers and a kiss, for tea at four o'clock, Mr. Phelps was younger still. Not a day older than eight. "Wrap up warm, dear. . . . Have you got a clean handkerchief? . . . Be careful how you cross the road. . . ."

Although it was nineteen years since Arthur Phelps had married, his mother still plied him with anxious queries about his health, his future, his food, as if she could never trust any other woman to look after him.

There had been times, since he left school, when she had seen him as the young poet, the attentive paragon of eligible manhood, the future consolation of her old age; but mostly, when she was alone, she saw him as an infant of three and a quarter, stooping chubbily to pick a daisy on the lawn. She had crept up behind him with a camera. The result was enshrined in the family album: a candid snapshot in which Mr. Phelps was represented by a rapt little bottom tightly encased in waterproof rompers.

She still wanted to mother him, but knew she could not. . . .

To Gertie, the barmaid at the "Goat and Bells," the public house near Mr. Phelps's office, where he usually went for a quick drink before joining the home-bound swirl at Victoria Station, he was a Scotch-and-soda and twenty cigarettes.

Sometimes his eyes rested on her in an uneasy stare, admiring her generous proportions and flaming auburn hair. Then he would turn guiltily away and take a sip from his glass. It was as if he were regretting his lost youth, the narrow path he had trodden since his marriage.

Sometimes she smiled at him, receiving an immediate smile in exchange, a grateful message in his eyes. Sometimes they chatted together about nothing in particular, and Mr. Phelps would buy her a gin-and-tonic which she'd pour out and park on a ledge below the counter. She knew it made him feel good to buy her a drink. She also knew that few men go to pubs merely because they are thirsty. There was a certain tension to be relaxed, a lonesomeness to be assuaged.

For Mr. Phelps was like so many middle-aged business men who came to Gertie's bar: a little lost, wanting to be mothered, flattered, cheered up. . . .

In the train from Victoria to Five Elms Junction, Mr. Phelps again underwent a transformation, becoming once more Phelps, the Family Man.

After dinner he helped his daughter, Marion, with her homework. She was learning a speech from *Hamlet*. She was not very good at memorizing, but she could learn much quicker when her father was there to hear her say it.

"*What a piece of work is a man,*" she repeated in her flat little voice, rather tired now. "*How noble in reason, how infinite. . . .*" She finished the speech. "Was I all right, Daddy?"

"Splendid, my dear, splendid. Not a single mistake."

"Oh, *thank* you, Daddy." She kissed him impulsively. "I don't know why—I can concentrate much better when you

"Breath-taking, Unforgettable. . . ."

"THE first breath-taking glimpses of the snow-clad Alps and of Lucerne, glittering like a jewel on the lakeside, began a holiday of supreme and unforgettable memories."

Thus ex-soldier J. W. Booth, Louth, described the thrilling visit to Switzerland which he and his wife enjoyed last summer as part of a *Bullets* First Prize. A few simple words on your coupon from this page and your reward can also be a big cheque, with a free Swiss Holiday for Two.

Besides its £250 and free trip to the Alps, this Contest brings to twenty more readers the opportunity to spend a carefree week by Britain's seaside as JOHN BULL'S guests. Although over 200 prize holidays are being offered this year, you cannot afford to wait — win yours in *Bullets* or Crosswords this week!

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,622

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus DERBY TRIP: N. A. Phillips, 20 Chilton Avenue, Stowmarket:

COMMUNISM SEEPING, LEAPING—NEVER SLEEPING!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Derby Trip: J. S. Walters, 25 Bishops Mansions, Bishops Park, Fulham, S.W.6: RICHER WORLD—OR RADIO-ACTIVE MUD HEAP?

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Derby Trip: D. D. Rees, 112 Islwyn Road, Wattsville, Crosskeys, Mon: LOOKING ON—UNO—A TRAGIC SPECTACLE!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: E. G. Davidson, 50 Mountfields Road, Taunton: CANTEEN RISSOLES—"MIDWEEK EVENT" CAUSING ABSENTEES! £8: R. Heath, 32 Park View, Maltby, nr. Rotherham: THE GAP—*Bruce's Spider* GOT ACROSS! £7: Mrs. E. M. Cutler, 170 Beeches Road, West Bromwich: THE GAP — WORRYING CRIPPS—"GULF," BEVIN. £6: Mrs. D. Taylor, Highgate, Armitage, Rugeley: WHERE TO START—FRIENDLIER WORLD — GARDEN FENCE!

FIVE OF £5: H. C. Bridgman, The Grange, Shepherdswell, nr. Dover: COMMUNISM—"VESUVIUS" ENDANGERING *All* ITALY. A. Howden, 214 Rotherham Road, Maltby, nr. Rotherham: SOUNDS GOOD—THRUSH, AFTER THE RUSH. R. B. Lacey, 69 Sunnyside Road, Chesham: WHERE TO STAND — FIRM — WE'RE *Leaving* PALESTINE! W. Lee, 7 Wythburn Street, Seedley, Salford 6: CANTEEN RISSOLES — MADE *Cook* "DAY'S TARGET"! R. H. Whiting, 9 Wimbledon Street, Northampton: ON AUNTIE'S ALLOTMENT—*Curate's* "COMING ALONG NICELY"!

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Any £2 prize you win will be accompanied by a £2 CASH BONUS if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet*, received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

For *Bulletin & Gazette* dated May 8, enclose Label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prosperous Nation
Voice Of Sanity
For Man's Benefit
Neighbour Stalin
Fate Spun The Wheel And
Humble Home
Too Much Money
Strangely Familiar
Scrap Of Paper
Like A Holiday
Grim And Determined
Never Stops
Worn To A Shadow
Cobwebs
To Her Mother
Swept Aside
At The Post-office
It's Risky, But
Without Looking
Got His Own Back

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Uno's.....
Free To.....
What Grandma.....
.....Moment
Dropped The.....
In The Name Of.....

POST ENTRY, ADDRESSED

"BULLETS" 1,626 (or Xword 578) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

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Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 578**

3. Hard-headed business man may have no use for
5. "Slim" is a fair description of many a one
6. New boy going to school is probably welcomed with
8. It often takes a long, long time to get them through
10. This can be vegetable, animal or mineral
11. A man who breaks the law is sometimes
13. Discerning pastrycook makes this sort of cake
14. It's sometimes useful to have this handy in the garden

Down Clues

1. Relatively few people will be interested when listening to
2. One usually finds this as a mould
4. Those not properly controlled give police a lot of trouble
7. Detectives may come across this quite unexpectedly
8. Must sometimes be surprised at things for which he is criticized
9. Great many men are just unable to study in
12. Owner running dogs may be able to recommend one confidently to a friend

8 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 574

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bridge. 3, Mug. 6, Goose. 11, Harp. 12, Help. 14, Born. DOWN: 1, Bats. 2, Day. 4, Greek. 5, Poet. 7, Starved. 8, Hap. 9, Shorn. 10, Sport. 13, Asp.

EIGHT £100 SHARERS: J. Biggs, St. Austell; W. H. Cowmeadow, Cambridge; Miss F. E. Cox, Codnor; J. Gavaghan, Manchester 8; Miss E. Johnson, Doncaster; C. R. King, Cwmbran, Newport; Mrs. E. M. Robinson, Minchinhampton; R. Williams, Rhyl. Winners receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 56 entrants.

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439

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Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer

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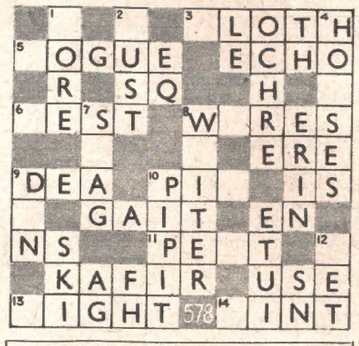

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

578 Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 26

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

Idealists who begin revolutions are often bumped off by the wide boys, after victory has been won

THANKS, BUT I'LL STICK TO DEMOCRACY

MOST OF THE LETTERS I've received about my recent remarks on Communism and democracy have come from Communist sympathizers. I suppose that was to be expected. Democrats seldom get really excited about democracy until they've lost it.

More letters than I liked began by saying that the writer had always admired my honesty in the past; but now, alas, I'd obviously sold myself to the "purveyors of anti-Communist propaganda."

Well, I can only offer these chaps my word that I haven't yet sold myself to anybody. There's no need to. I've still got my driver's licence and my fitter's tools.

Letter From a Councillor

One of these days, I'll write about my attitude towards my own writings, and my relations with the people who publish them. But I feel I've got more urgent things to write about at the moment—particularly the question of what we ought to do about these competing political systems.

I've got a letter in front of me from a Northern Ireland town councillor which, I think, sums up the plain man's attitude to all the systems.

"I'm a loyal subject of the King," he says, "and would cheerfully die for what he represents. But if I thought, or could be persuaded to believe, that Communism, Fascism or Nazism would improve the conditions of the mass of the people, I'd at once join up with any one of those groups."

That's well said, I think. And if my Communist friends will take my word for it, that's the sole basis on which I argue with them. But I take that phrase "improve conditions" in its fullest and widest sense—to include the human mind and soul, as well as the human body. And that's why, in the words of one of my Communist correspondents, I'm "an extremist democrat." I'm grateful for that epithet. It describes me exactly. I wish I'd thought of it myself.

I was sixteen at the time of the Russian revolution; and at eighteen, a convinced disciple of Lenin and Trotsky.

Red for Action

I had a very poor opinion of the British Labour Party in those days. They seemed to me such a hesitating, muddling lot. The Communists, on the other hand, never hesitated. They got on with it. Up the Reds! Down with the bourgeoisie!

When Lenin died and Stalin took over, and Trotsky had to flee for his life, I began to ask myself what exactly the Communists *were* getting on with, over in Russia—and whether it was what I, and many people who thought as I did, really wanted to see in Britain. I sorrowfully came to the conclusion that it was not—sorrowfully, because it meant parting with some of my oldest friends, and also because it seemed, and still seems to me, a tragic thing that so much human devotion and idealism should be frittered away in the service of what has eventually become only another system of ruthless power-politics.

And now I've reached the tragi-comic stage. I'm sitting here and seeing my youth all over again in these earnest letters from today's young Communists—trying to convert me with the arguments that I once used.

It's the muddle that maddens them—the whole, cursed, stupid, democratic muddle. And the shams and the fiddles and the twists.

"Let's put an end to all this," say these young men, in effect. "Let's cut a straight path to power with the sharp sword of Communism. Once we've got a Communist World-Government we can put an end to all these shams and hypocrisies and get straight on with the job of making a world fit to live in."

But can we? What guarantee have we got that we shan't find the same old twisters and twicers, the same old power-hungry careerists, still on top—only this time wearing a red star in the lapels of their jackets, and with more power to stifle our criticism than ever they possessed before?

They've a Way with Idealists

Nearly every revolution runs true to type in that the groups of idealists who begin it are nearly always pushed out or bumped off, after they've won the victory. It's the wide boys, the "lie-low-and-say-nuffin'" boys, who get the power in the end.

They're not concerned with political or philosophical beliefs. They're quite willing to call themselves Tories under a Tory Government, Labour under a Labour or Communists under a Communist Government. All they're concerned with is getting their hands on privilege and power, and maintaining themselves in power at any price.

Our present democratic system, with all its stupidity and blundering, all its shams and hypocrisies, does give us a few safeguards against that sort of thing.

As soon as a man seems to be going too far, as soon as he tries to exercise too much personal power, public opinion can pull him down. What's more, if any man believes he's got a new idea for improving the conditions of his fellows he's always at liberty to express that idea.

It's worth remembering, I think, that both Marx and Lenin worked out many of their ideas in the freedom of the British Museum reading room, after they'd had to leave their own countries.

Democracy is a way of thought rather than a plan of action. When it comes to taking action, there's nothing to prevent our acting on the lines suggested by that Irish town councillor and using any parts of any "ism" that seem to offer a prospect of improving the condition of the people.

Points Worth Studying

There may be something worth studying, for instance, in the Fascist organization of industry, or the Communist organization of agriculture. And there's certainly something we can't afford to lose in the energy and enterprise of many an independent "capitalist."

We've got to think these things out with open minds, and feel our way forward to an industrial system that will give us the best all-round results—and never mind what anybody calls it.

The one essential thing is that thought, and the expression of thought, shall remain free. And since democracy is the only system in which that freedom is possible, I feel I've got to defend it at all costs—whatever I may think of the particular politicians who happen to be in power at any given moment.

Continued from previous page

hear me. *Hamlet* isn't nearly so nice as *Romeo and Juliet*, is it?"

Mr. Phelps dozed in front of the fire, half-listening to *Twenty Questions*.

The words trickled through his head: *What a piece of work is a man*. What a piece of work was Arthur Phelps, come to think of it. How different he must appear to different people, how impossible it was for one human being to know all or even part of another. . . .

His wife's voice: "You look done in, dear. How about an early night?"

"Good idea," he grunted.

"I wish you'd take Boxer for a walk before you turn in, Arthur," she went on placidly. "He's had so little exercise lately, and I do feel it's so bad for a dog. . . ."

Sighing, Mr. Phelps left his seductive armchair, put on his coat and hat, and took his stick from the hall stand. Down the avenue to the pub and back would be enough. Pity Ursula hadn't mentioned it sooner: it was after closing time.

"Walk, old boy? Walk, eh?"

At the word "walk," Boxer, a terrier of obscure ancestry, seemed to go mad with excitement. He barked shrilly, leaping up, trying to lick Mr. Phelps's face.

Mr. Phelps walked slowly down the dark avenue while Boxer did such things as dogs do. Man and dog returned home refreshed and at peace with the world.

Mrs. Phelps had gone to bed. The lounge was quiet, warm, inviting. Mr. Phelps sank into his chair before the dying fire to enjoy the best time of the day: five minutes of solitude.

Yet not of complete solitude; for the dog came and laid its foolish head on Mr. Phelps's knee. Its large liquid eyes rolled up at him in an ecstasy of appreciation, gratitude, love.

The dog, Boxer, was the one creature on earth who worshipped Mr. Phelps and all his works, knew no evil of him, accepted him without criticism, protected his body, served him with humility, understood and forgave him everything.

To the dog, Boxer, Mr. Phelps was God.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Lost in the Post

A WOMAN reader asks a question about things being lost in the post. She writes:

"Some time ago I sent a packet of cigarettes to my brother but they never reached him. More recently he sent a pair of stockings for my birthday, but they also disappeared. I always understood that one could claim for goods missing in the post, but the Post Office officials say that one can only claim if the parcel is registered. Is this really so?"

Legally the Post Office is not liable for the loss, damage or non-delivery of anything sent by post, but a certificate of posting can be obtained for a non-registered parcel. Should it not be delivered, or should it be damaged, the Post Office will consider compensation upon production of the certificate of posting.

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